

ALAN CUNNINGHAM'S

GALLERY
OF
PICTURES

BY THE FIRST MASTERS
of the
ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS

THE
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THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL DISSERTATIONS

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER

LIST OF PLATES—VOL. I.

Portrait of Allan Cunningham to face the title	Painted by	Page
THE BLIND FIDDLER	W. J. M. J. M.	1
ST MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK	Rubens	3
THE JEW MERCHANT	Rembrandt	5
LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES	A. Borghese	7
THE VIGILANT MISTRESS	A. Mass	9
THE YOUNG BULL	J. Potter	11
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS	Yamoni	14
THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA	Guido Reni	16
CHRIST APPEARING TO ST PETER	A. Corneio	19
THE MARKET-GIRL	Gainsborough	21
ST JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS	A. Corneio	26
THE MERRY FIDDLER	J. Berckheyden	29
THE MARKET-GIRL	Morland	31
CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN	Overbeck	33
SAMUEL BEFORE ELI	Copley	35
THE GLADE COTTAGE	Crome	37
THE HOLY FAMILY	Reynolds	40
A MOUNTAIN SCENE	Salvator Rosa	42
LE BAL CHAMPETRE	H. G. H.	45
KING HENRY V. BEFORE HARFLEUR	Westall	49
THE HOLY FAMILY	Darcey	50
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. ACT II.—SCENE II	Peters	53
GRAND CANAL, VENICE	Canaletto	54
THE NATIVITY	Fernow	56
MUCH AND ABOUT NOTHING. ACT III.—SCENE I	Peters	58
CHRIST PRAYING IN THE GARDEN	Correggio	61
DEATH OF CHATHAM	Copley	63
RETURNING HOME	Both	66
TAKING OF THE SKEW	Smurke	68
ADORATION OF THE MAGI	Rembrandt	70
JACQUES	Beaumont	72
DOMESTIC HARMONY	Landyke	75
KING RICHARD II. ENTERING LONDON WITH THE DUCHE OF LANCASTER	Northcote	76
A DUTCH ALL-HOUSE	Morse	78
CHRIST DISCUSSING WITH THE DOCTORS	Leonardo da Vinci	81
KING HENRY VIII. FIRST MEETING WITH ANNE BOLEYN	Northcote	84
THE RATTED FORTRESS	H. H. H.	86
THE SHIPWRECK'S WATCH	Copp	88
DEATH OF MONTMERE. HENRY V.—PART I, ACT II.—SCENE V	Northcote	91
KEMBLE AS HAMLET	Sir T. Lawrence	92
THE CONFLAGRATION	G. P. H.	95
CHRIST RESERVED	H. H. H.	98
MURDER OF THE TWO PRINCES IN THE TOWER	Northcote	101
TRIC TRAC	Teniers	103
THE LAST SUPPER	Murillo	106
PUCK	Reynolds	108
CYMBELINE. ACT III.—SCENE VI	Westall	112
CHRIST IN THE SUTCLERE	Guerrino	114



GALLERY OF PICTURES.

THE BLIND FIDDLER

(WILKIE)

Was painted in the year 1806, and is one of the earliest works of Wilkie. Sir George Beaumont, one of the first to encourage, as well as to perceive genius, added "The Blind Fiddler" to his collection, and bequeathed it to the National Gallery, where it now holds a place worthily among the finished productions of the genius of many nations. It measures in length thirty-one inches, and in height twenty-two

This picture is of a class truly British. In unity of purpose it is perhaps one of the best works of the painter, and in variety of character and force or delineation, the second. In simplicity it cannot well be matched. It relates its story as plainly as if the actors spoke, the very name of the work is unnecessary, for no one can look upon the living creatures by whom the canvas is peopled without sharing their emotions, and perceiving what they are about and what they are thinking. It is a cold winter day, we guess, by the close-hooded mother, and her poor boy warming his hands. A blind and wandering fiddler, with his wife and two children, has sought shelter or rest in a shoemaker's cottage, and as a requital for such hospitality, has taken his fiddle from the case, screwed the pegs with a careful hand, slanted his left cheek over the instrument like a man who loves his craft, and is treating the family to one of his favourite tunes. The shoemaker's wife, pleased with the music, but still more so with her youngest child, is dandling it on her knee, in unison to her husband's thumbs, he is cracking them in quick time, for the tune is a lively one. Two children, a little in advance of their mother, are standing gazing with wondering eyes, marvelling, no doubt, how one so old and blind produces such pleasing sounds; the youngest, a boy, has stopped his go-cart, lest the sound of the wheels should hurt the harmony. The elder brother, a sort of cottage Puck, just old enough to have shed two of his front teeth, is mimicking with some skill the motions of the musician, his fiddle is a

pair of old bellows, his bow the poker, and his glee all his own. Behind him a servant girl, not a very lovely personage, has left her spinning-wheel, and is anxiously listening: with the sound perhaps her fancy has gone far away, to some merry scene, where she danced to the tune with a lad to her liking. The fiddler's wife listens like one accustomed to such sounds; and the shoemaker's father, who had given his seat to the musician, stands, like a grave grey-headed man, listening but not joyful. All in the picture seems in keeping, save the fiddler's wife; she is a coarse cummer, good enough, the painter may say, for a blind man, yet surely too old in her looks to be a "suckling mother."

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK.

RUBENS.

ST. MARTIN, as a military saint, may be allowed a horse, armour, and weapons; or is there particular elegance of action required, perhaps, in dividing his cloak with a public beggar; we consider it, however, as necessary to nature and truth that he should look at what his sword is doing, instead of which he is looking on the group of half-clad mendicants, who, with faces practised in expressing wearied dolour, have beset his path. He could not well choose to do otherwise, for the group is in all respects a remarkable one. The beggar, seated on the ground, acting the part of a cripple, has a back like Hercules, powerful and sinewy, and seems altogether a sort of person likely to procure alms by force which refused to come through supplication; the other kneeling, with his head bandaged to cover wounds, real or pretended, might do for a portrait of the ancient mendicant, Iru, who contested with Ulysses, on the threshold of his own palace, for the crumbs which fell from the table of the suitors, but the woman seems in sincerity; her woes are not artificial and assumed, her naked children, beggarly looks, and dishevelled hair, cannot fail to direct the Saint's hand to his pocket, as soon as he has disposed of the moiety of his cloak. The flush of colour, the fine freedom of handling, wonderful breadth of manner, and vigorous character of the original picture, have been admired by many: it is in Her Majesty's collection.

Subjects of this nature are common to the earlier painters, they were labourers in the cause of the church, gave form and colour to her creed, and explained her goods and her miracles in a manner so beautiful and noble, as to obtain the admiration of the world. They were believers too in the wonders which they embodied; the miracles of the Catholic church had not been publicly questioned; chief in divine influences and interpositions had not been abated by knowledge and scepticism; and there can be no doubt that this aided in the inspiration, and helped to confer on those productions a shape and a hue all but divine. The first converts to Christianity among the barbarians were made by mystic signs and relics, nor were these laid aside when the missionaries acquired the language of their proselytes. Paintings and Statues and Crosses, the offspring of the relics and emblems, became as Scripture to the church, and were seen by all, while the Bible and Testament were kept shut. Knowledge, which followed printing, opened the Scriptures to all nations: the sentiments and stories which painting



and sculpture told, were no longer regarded; the people desired to see what God had written, with their own eyes, and refused all further aid from science and fancy. It is to this we must ascribe the decreasing love for scripture pieces all over the world. No such works are necessary now.

"To justify the ways of God to man."

One of the chief apostles for scripture pictures in this country was Northcote, the painter: he executed many altar-pieces, and wrote and spoke much in favour of an art, in which he believed he excelled. He, however, set down our coldness regarding such productions to the declining taste for historic painting, and the increasing love of the land for portraiture. Haydon too imputes our apathy to our defective taste; he will not see that the artist is not wanted; we know as much of the word of God or of his apostles, as the ablest painter is likely to teach us, and we care not for either his interpretations or his glosses. Had we been dwelling in dark ignorance, we would have been thankful for any hand to let in light; but now we have light in abundance. There are other difficulties in the way—artists seem not sufficiently aware how doubtful a task it is

*"To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion."*

Mere picturesque groups will not give us what we want; we must have at least something as thine as aught that Raphael drew, and where is the artist whose genius is of such quality!

The scripture pieces of even the accomplished Rubens are deficient in that divinity of sentiment and majesty of conception which the subject demands. With all his wonderful power in character, vigorous freedom of hand, and almost miraculous glow of colour, he has failed in elevating us; and looking at what Raphael and Michael Angelo have done, we see that he has more of earth in him and less of inspiration. There is no question that in his day, as the church had been obliged to take a step or two down from her high estate, that scripture painting had descended with her. Men of genius generally work in the spirit of their time, especially those who have to live by their labours, and before the days of Rubens, the Pope, who formerly held the keys of the regions of bliss or woe in his hand, had seen not only one half of his dominions separated from him, but a religion which impugned his own, and called him by the opprobrious name of the "Anarch old," take field against him with other arms than those of logic and invective. The charm which had bound the nations together began to dissolve; that part of the spell, which had been wrought by art, was unloosed by knowledge, and we lost the chance of becoming the greatest of all nations in historic painting, by welcoming the Reformation, and preferring the Scripture in our English tongue, to pictures and statues.

of the Dutch School, but allows him little other merit than astonishing force of colour. Some of his heads are as vigorous in expression—as unaffected and manly as human heads can well be.

“His portraits,” says Pilkington, “are confessedly excellent; but by his being accustomed to imitate nature exactly, and the nature he imitated being always of the heavy kind, his portraits, though admirable in respect to likeness and the look of life, want grace and dignity in the airs and attitudes. In regard to other particulars he was so exact in giving the true resemblance of the persons who sat to him, that he distinguished the prominent feature and character in every face, without endeavouring to improve or embellish it. Many of his heads display such a minute exactness, as to show even the hairs of the beard and the wrinkles of old age; yet, at a proper distance, the whole has an astonishing effect, and every portrait appears as if starting from the canvas. Thus, a picture of his maid-servant, placed at the window of his house in Amsterdam, is said to have deceived the passengers for several days. De Piles, when he was in Holland, not only ascertained the truth of this fact, but purchased the portrait, which he esteemed as one of the finest ornaments of his cabinet.”

The works of Rembrandt are remarkably rare, and when in the market bring incredibly high prices. Some of them are in the collections of British noblemen, and several are in the National Gallery, where their dark splendour attracts many eyes. His own portrait, painted by himself, is in the Ducal Gallery at Florence. He seems to have had a secret in the composition of his colours which no one has inherited: in the days of Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke, painters studied their colours as much as they did their compositions; they made frequent experiments, and to this much of the unattainable lustre of their pictures must be owing. On the contrary, the artists of this age allow other hands to prepare their colours, or when they condescend to do it themselves, they refuse to bestow the study upon them which the appliance bestowed upon mere force of colour shows to be quite necessary. Colour-making is now a trade by itself, and the splendour of our pictures is diminished.

THE JEW MERCHANT.

REMBRANDT.

THE Advocate of Ostade is busy with eye and hand, the Merchant of Rembrandt is employed in mind only; he is in a rich garb of a somewhat Eastern cut; he seems about to proceed to the Exchange on some serious speculation, and is holding converse with his own spirit before he goes forth. He is of Jewish extraction rather than a Jew; he is advancing into the vale of years, and is of a grave considerate turn of mind, the right hand grasps a staff, and the left hand rests upon it, and one would almost say he had been a soldier, for he handles it like a sword. The posture is easy, unaffected, and dignified; the effect of the whole picture is fine; there is more light admitted upon it than what is customary with Rembrandt. It belonged to the collection of Sir George Beaumont, and passed from him by bequest to the National Gallery; it measures four feet five inches high, by three feet five inches wide. A portrait of this stamp claims affinity with the historical; the man of thought and business is written on it from knee to brow. He is evidently a man of importance in his line, and if a Jew, may be of the race of David, how much better it is that the painter represented him according to his station, than if he had turned him into an Elijah or an Isaiah, and given him a rapt, upturned look, with a halo round his head. He seems not to sit for his portrait, but to form a study for some grand historical composition, representing the chiefs of Israel met in council, when the ark of the Covenant was in the Temple and God was with her princes.

Rembrandt was the son of a miller; he loved to paint mills, and some have gone so far as to surmise that his first place of study was the dusty interior of one. This conjecture is founded on the strange light under which he chose to look on all subjects: through the contracted wickets of a mill, lights such as he loved come streaming when the sun is up, amid the dusky machinery. Be that as it may, the marvellous effect which he produced by this mode of treatment has dazzled the world and misled many students: they sigh for his vivid light and darkness, and seek those striking contrasts at the expense of nature and sentiment. They see only the effect in the works of Rembrandt, and refuse to learn that his power of expression is almost equal to it. This is indeed different from the assertion of Reynolds, who says that his attention was principally directed to colouring and effect; the President places Rembrandt at the head



LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES.

NICHOLAS BERGHEM.

BERGHEM is numbered with those artists who sought to give to the school of Holland something of the airy elegance and grace of the Italian, and laboured to render nature more poetic and polished. He was no lover of scenes of rustic excitement, where men, inflamed by drink and contradiction, become fierce and savage; he loved the quiet, the retired, and the beautiful: his favourite studies were the brook-banks, the budding trees, the browsing cattle, and the idling shepherd; he rejoiced in the songs of the birds, the opening fields of grain, the freshening showers, and the rising sun, glancing on tree and town, all but conscious of the life and loveliness below.

The picture from which this fine print is taken is the property of Beilby Thompson, Esq. M.P., and will go far to exemplify what we have said respecting the peculiar genius of the painter. The scene lies by a quiet lake, to the cool waters of which some cows and a little flock of sheep and goats have been driven, for the twofold purpose of giving them the pleasure of the shade of two or three old flourishing trees, and relieving them from their burthens of milk. An idle shepherd-boy lies on the grass; a traveller with his ass and panniers is approaching, while the sun, scattering his splendour on the neighbouring hills, and on the remains of an old tower, strikes his way through the foliage of the woods, and glimmers along the ground, on which three maidens are busied with their cows and goats. The whole is strictly rural, and worthy of contemplation, from the repose given the spectator's eye and the sentiments of happiness awakened in his mind: this is one of the chief purposes of painting and poetry; we turn not to the page of the poet, nor to the picture of the artist, to give pain to our hearts, and obtain an hour of misery. No; we read and we look—shut our eyes on the world and its ways amid their natural evasions—and forget ourselves and are happy.

Nicholas Berghe, the son of a painter of little eminence, was born at Haarlem in 1621, and was taught the first principles of the art in which he was destined to excel—first by his father, who could teach by precept though not by example, and finally, by Van Goyen, Jan Wille, and Weenix. "He had," says Pilkington, an easy and expeditious manner of painting, and an inexpressible variety and beauty in the choice of sites for his landscapes, executing them with a surprising degree of neatness and truth. He possessed a clearness and strength of



THE VIGILANT MISTRESS.

ARNOLD MAAS.

THERE are three painters of the name of Maas; viz. Arnold, born at Gouda, in 1623; Nicholas, born at Dort, in 1632; and Dirk, born at Haarlem, in 1636. The first painted weddings, dances, and festive meetings, the second was a painter of portraits, and as such was upbraided by Jordaens for submitting to the whims, the follies, and impertinencies of ignorant sitters; and the third excelled in market scenes, and fruits and flowers, and lived some time in England, where he painted the Battle of the Boyne for the Earl of Portland.

The picture from which the engraving of the Vigilant Mistress is copied belongs to the collection of His Majesty, it is the work of Arnold Van Maas; and, like all the other productions of the Dutch school of art, is remarkable for the simplicity of its conception and the plainness of its story. The scene is laid in the dwelling-house of a person in the middle rank of life: on one side of the picture a cellar-door stands open, barrels of good home-brewed beer are ranged orderly along the walls; two servants have been sent to tap an old cask, of make room for the admission of a new one. They have already extracted a quantity; one of them has a glass at his lips, and is allowing the fine clear nut-brown ale to run slowly and enjoyingly in at an opening which can scarcely be called a mouth; while the kitchen-maid, allured by the temptation of pleasant drink and social company, has left her broom on the floor, and is submitting with a demure patience to the fondling of a fellow-servant. A lantern on the top of the barrel sheds a glimmering light along the floor, and shines on the faces of the happy group. In the meantime the Vigilant Mistress, mistrusting her menials, and suspecting the cause of their loitering, descends the stair as if she trod on eggs; her finger is at her lip, and both ears are open; another step and she is among them—another moment and they will know the penalty which awaits on the double fault of wasting her time and consuming her liquor.

Of Maas little is known in England; he was a disciple of Teniers the younger, and acquired from his master a taste of imitating simple nature, and a desire to paint the scenes which the land around afforded. He loved to wander among farm-houses, villages, and country towns, he called them his school of study, and the people whom he found busied in them, his sitters and his models. A wedding supplied him with many studies; to a dance he was indebted for ease

and motion; to a carousal he owed character and life; and if he saw half a dozen villagers gathered together, he loved to get near them and make sketches. By this way of going to work, he infused life and nature into his compositions. He excelled in scenes requiring spirit and humour. Having acquired distinction at home, he desired to seek it abroad, and accordingly left Holland for Italy, where he travelled and studied several years. Of the masters whose works he consulted, or the cities which he visited, no one has told us; the style in which he excelled seems not to require acquaintance with the masters of the poetical and the historic; but he knew best—he doubtless felt the advantage of looking at the bright conceptions and grand harmonies of the Italian masters.

The works of this artist are far from numerous: Reynolds, in his tour through Holland, either did not see them or did not feel them; he has not mentioned his name or alluded to his paintings. Maas excels in clear and brilliant colouring; he is fond too of strong contrasts, sudden gleams of light amid thick darkness. He never equalled Teniers in his soft, sharp, brilliant touches, nor Jan Steen in his management of light and shadow; but he acquired a name which will be long heard of for vivid presentations of nature, for simplicity of conception, and a quietly humour. Holland is full of the pictures of her own masters: they are to be found in almost every house. "I have only to add," says Sir Joshua, "that in my account of the Dutch pictures, which is, indeed, little more than a catalogue, I have mentioned only those which I considered worthy of attention. It is not to be supposed that these are the whole of the cabinets described, perhaps in a collection of near a hundred pictures, not ten are set down; their being mentioned at all, though no epithet may be added, implies excellence." It is plain from this, that the president considered only such pictures as he thought excellent worthy of attention; but there are many fine works which approach near excellence, and the Dutch galleries number some from the hand of Arnold Van Maas among them.

The life of this artist was brief; he fell sick on his way home from Italy, and died in 1661, before he could show his countrymen any specimens of his improved taste and skill, or give his fame the advantage of his Italian studies. Many of his designs and drawings are preserved in the cabinets of the tasteful and the curious. His pictures are scarce, and, like all rare things, bring high prices when exposed to sale.

THE YOUNG BULL.

PAUL POTTER.

MANY strange lessons may be read in the history of works of art, they move about with the changes of fortune. Some of the pictures of Charles I. found their way into the hands of the republican leaders, others were disposed of in foreign lands, and not a few destroyed at home. We have, in our day, seen collections of the rarest kind dispersed to the four quarters of the world; and on several occasions it has required a strong exertion of national feeling to hinder an Emperor of Russia, or a King of the Netherlands, from carrying away, by force of money alone, some of the very best paintings belonging to the richest country in the world. The beautiful picture, by Paul Potter, of which the engraving before us is a masterly copy, has undergone sundry vicissitudes of fortune; the sum of twelve hundred guineas placed it in the suddenly-formed gallery of Watson Taylor, and there it seemed to have a chance of abiding, when a wind from the west brought a change on its wings: the auctioneer invaded the sanctity of what he called the *Chef-d'œuvres* of the great masters, and the painting of the far-famed "Young Bull" was consigned to the collection of John Walter, Esq. of Bearwood. It is painted on panel, and measures fourteen inches and a half wide, by seventeen inches and a half high.

The subject is simple: a bull, two cows, a stunted tree, a small knoll, and a clear sky, are the matters in hand, but genius can find materials for its creations in common and familiar things. One beautiful cow lies on the grass, she seems to have satisfied herself on the rich herbage around, and is desirous of quiet, the other, of a darker colour, and of a different breed, turns round to meet the bull, who has just left the herd in the meadows, and is in the act of advancing; his broad breast, square front, and budding horns are thus brought into the foreground. The group is natural and beautiful, the whole seems endowed with life and motion, every vein and muscle are marked, and the variety of colour is touched in with wondrous felicity. The bull appears to be copied from a model which Potter made for a larger picture, now in the Museum at the Hague. The colour is a rich dark-brown, and the head of the animal is reckoned one of the happiest efforts of art. The pasture-land is finely painted, the sky is clear, with light clouds scattered over it; other animals are grazing in the neighbouring grounds; on the right is the trunk of a tree, where two small birds are perching.

and on a stile, which leads to other fields, is inscribed "Paulus Potter; F. 1647." It belonged to the gallery of Burgo-Master Hoguer, and was brought to Erles-toke Park in 1817, and sold in the year 1832, along with many other noble pictures.

There have been whole families of artists in Holland: a correct eye, a clever hand, and a sound understanding, are more likely to be hereditary in a race than the higher faculty of imagination. Paul was the son of Peter Potter, an artist of some reputation, known in Enkhuyzen, his native place, as a painter of landscapes and scripture pieces: his *St. Paul the Hermit in the Desert*, still exists, and is not without admirers, but he is better known through the fame of his son, whose genius he had the merit of discovering. Paul studied under his father, and before he was fifteen years old, we are told by the biographers, his skill was such that men looked on him as a prodigy. From his father he soon perceived that he could learn little; this made him turn to nature; he wandered about the fields making sketches, he watched the hues of the woods, the changes in the colour of grass or corn as the sun and wind passed over them; and he made himself acquainted with the looks, and forms, and ways of cattle. He had a quick hand, and unbounded patience; he copied nothing from others; he found nature to be the truest guide to life and originality; and he pencilled in the trunks of trees, the blades of grass, and the "ring-straked, the speckled, and the spotted," among the cattle, with an elegance and an ease all but rivaling life.

"His subjects," says Pilkington, "were landscapes, with different animals, but principally cows, oxen, sheep, and goats, which he painted in the highest perfection. His colouring is soft, agreeable, transparent, and true to nature; his touch is free and delicate, and his outline very correct. His skies, trees, and distances, show a remarkable freedom of hand, with a masterly ease and negligence; and his animals are exquisitely finished, and touched with abundance of spirit. He was certainly one of the best painters in the Low Countries, not only for the delicacy of his pencil, but for his exact imitation of nature, which he incessantly studied, and represented in a lovely manner. His only amusement was walking in the fields, for the purpose of sketching every scene and object on the spot, and he afterwards not only composed his subjects from his drawings, but frequently etched them, and the prints are deservedly very estimable."

Fame is seldom obtained on easier terms than earnest and well-directed study. A happy verse or a clever picture may be hit off in a random fit of inspiration, but all lasting works are full of knowledge and observation, and show their authors to have been intimate with the world around, and with the human heart. It was the practice of Paul Potter to make small models in clay of his groups of cattle, he admitted the light upon them, and, taking up his pencil, delineated

them in colours, distributing light and shade according to nature. Some of our ablest painters follow the same practice, Willie frequently satisfies himself of the accuracy of his groupings in the same way; and the Juliet of Thomson, a work of great poetic merit, was first sketched in clay. But the impatience of the world for something new, compels artists to work hard, and hurry their pictures from the easel: one or two paintings, no more than one or two books, will give fame to a man in these our latter days; the tree of imagination, which bears but a couple of apples, though the flavour may be celestial, is considered as barren. Nevertheless, future fame will likely abide by those slowly-produced and well-considered things, and this is worth the attention of all who desire to be heard of hereafter.

The works of Paul Potter are far from numerous, they come seldom into the market, and when they make their appearance, the competition among men of taste to possess them is sharp and eager. He was born in 1625, and never moved out of Holland, he found the materials of his landscapes in the country around him, and when he died, in 1654, all his works on hand were purchased, finished and unfinished. One landscape, painted for the Countess of Solms, brought two thousand florins: another landscape, with a Herdsman and Cattle, as large as life, was carried out of the Prince of Orange's gallery by the French, and placed in the Louvre. When the bayonets of the Allies dispersed the collections of Napoleon, the picture disappeared, and is now probably in its original place.

Our artists should study in the manner of Paul Potter; be refused to take the attitudes and character of his animals from paintings, however beautiful, nor did he dash a picture hastily or carelessly off, however much it was wanted, all with him is the offspring of study, yet all is nature. The exquisite skill and ability of his finish has been objected to, but the error is so rare, that it almost amounts to a virtue. In truth, nature finishes all her works with a patient and cunning hand; the flowers of the fields, the leaves of the trees, the shells on the sea-shore, are all created with a precision and beauty beyond the imitation of man. Those, however, who desire to approach her with the pencil, must consider her earnestly; they will see no imperfect developements of parts, no want of harmony in her hues, and none of those hard, rigid, and coarse lines, which deform so many modern landscapes.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

VANGOOL

THE works of this painter are not numerous in this country; the picture before us belongs to the collection of Mr. Hargrave of Liverpool. It tells its own story very clearly, and is in its nature domestic. Vangoöl has laid the scene during the grape season, for some fine large bunches are plucked and placed in a cooler; a cluster or two have already been used, for so the artist means to let us understand by strewing leaves on the floor. It is daytime, too, the sunlight is mild on the window, nor is hunting an amusement without its attractions, for a handsome greyhound seems ready for the chase. The house belongs to one of some condition; the ceiling is high, the beams are neatly squared, and all has a substantial, if not an opulent look. The party who give life to this scene next merit attention; four persons are at a table, two men and two women; a man and a woman are engaged in a game at cards; the latter holds out the ace with an air of quiet triumph, nor is the former without his triumph too; he has not yet seen what his partner produces against him, but takes out the Queen of Hearts, and looking with a quiet consciousness in the face of a young lady beside him seems to say, with his eye, "What this is to the pack so you are to me." A man in a dark cloak and the lady with the ace appear ignorant of all this bye-play, and it must be confessed that the young lady, the object of so much attention, bears it with a sort of balanced equanimity of look; she acknowledges the matter with her eyes, and rests content. The painter has impressed love, wine, and the chase on his picture; all is simple, there are no elaborate auxiliaries.

In scenes of this domestic nature the heart of England feels an interest; the grand or high historical seems almost a flight above common sympathy. We think portrait would work well in groups, such as this before us; and let it be borne in mind, that our early painters set the example; to go no higher than Hogarth, his conversation pieces, as he called them, though, perhaps, a little too literal, have great merit both in character and colour, and might be imitated by some academicians with advantage to themselves. It is all very well to have single heads when they are of any mark in the country, and can lay claim to something intellectual; our Scotts, our Wordsworths, our Broughams, and our Wellingtons, need not be tied up in couples, nor yoked in conversation, but we cannot glance round the walls of our exhibition rooms without a consciousness that many heads there



THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

GIFFORD BENT.

THE Cleopatra of Shakspeare and this fine picture seem, in some important points, to have sprung from the same imagination. Had the poet been a painter, he would have likely taken the simpler and sterner sentiment delineated so ably by the artist; and had Guido taken up the pen, he might have anticipated a page of the great dramatist—exchanging his own air of severity for the more womanly and voluptuous representation of the other. Still the conception of the painter might pass for an embodiment of this fine passage: the reader will remember that it occurs immediately after the clown has brought in the asp in the basket of figs, and departs, wishing Cleopatra “joy of the worm.”

“ Give me my robe, put on my crown: I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt’s grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after-wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—Go,—have you done?
Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian!—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover’s pinch,
Which hurts and is desired. . . . This proves me base:
If she first meet the ruffled Antony,
He’ll make demand of her, and upbraid that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, mortal wretch,

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

With thy sharp tooth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and despatch. O, could’st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, and
Unpolished,

require the additional charm which employment gives, to render them worthy of a second look. In truth, to give an image of domestic life is to do something of a high order. The well-trimmed evening fire, and the well-ordered house, the more youthful part of the household busied in their various lessons, the elder about some thrifty employment, the eye of the matron superintending and directing all, and the head of the house, like Ossian's warrior, "on his own hill retired," pondering over the concerns of the day, or indulging himself with a book, an instrument of music, or a game at cards, like the well-dressed gentleman in the work before us, would make a fair picture. Out of scenes such as life every hour presents, an artist of any fancy might work whole galleries; half a dozen human beings can take as many postures as so many bits of glass in a kaleidoscope.

We were once present at the Exhibition when a plain common-sense-minded person, who knew little about how pictures were produced, but was not insensible of their beauties when finished, entered into conversation with an artist of some name on the merits of the works around. The painter complained that the high-lustre pictures spread their colours and showed their groups in vain to the world. "It is a very fine thing, no doubt," said his friend, "to look at a grand picture made up of princes and heroes, and heroines of other times—where life is given to those who died four thousand years ago. But such a picture is out of the reach of ordinary sympathies; what care I for Sesostris, Pharaoh Necho, or Ptolemy Philadelphus? I can look on Mutius Scævola and his deeds, or on the exploit of Curius without any emotion. If you want to win my affections come into English history, and show me the actions of heroes; there you can charm me, unless you choose to paint the druids or the kings of the Saxon Heptarchy. You laugh and think because I care nothing for your Egyptians or Romans that I admire yonder great grey cart-horse, larger than life, so splendidly framed, and filling up one side of the room: no! I can see a horse at any time almost that I choose to look out of my window, so there was no use in bringing the prodigious brute here—had you clapt a warrior on his back, or put him into a gallop, the thing had been better; a horse at full speed, an eagle in full flight, and a man thinking are three noble things. Nor can I admire some of these landscapes; trees don't think, and meadows express no sentiment, and that crow flying over them can at the best but cawk. I can see such matters without frames, for they are constantly before my eyes. But look at this little picture; a young shepherd plays on his pipe, his dog looks up well pleased, that shepherdess has an air of grave delight, this one tosses her head, disposed to mock both music and musician.—The picture is of man, and so I like it."



The picture is in the collection of her majesty, and is considered a fine example of the graceful yet impressive style of the great artist.

Guido Reni was born at Bologna, in the year 1574. While yet a boy, he became the scholar of Denis Calvert: and, when some sixteen years old, he entered the school of the Caracci, and excited, by his extraordinary talents, the jealousy of the two eminent brothers who founded that school of art. The biographers assert that Lodovico set up Guercino against him as a rival, and that Annibale, in the same ungenerous spirit, censured Albano for introducing Guido as a disciple.

The dislike of the Caracci may be accounted for in a less injurious way. The new disciple worshipped other gods, and refused to be a follower. He imitated Passerotti and Caravaggio; and this was not likely to be welcome to men who aspired to be creators of a new style in painting. Other writers, however, affirm that, in his earlier compositions, he had the works of the Caracci in his mind, and that Annibale felt and acknowledged the originality of his genius. "In some instances," says Lanzi, "he followed Caravaggio; and in the Bonfigliuoli Palace is a figure of a sybil, very beautiful in point of features, but greatly overlaid with depth of shade. The style he adopted arose particularly from an observation on that of Caravaggio, one day incidentally made by Annibale Caracci, that to his manner there might be opposed one wholly contrary: in place of a confined and declining light, to exhibit one more full and vivid; to substitute the tender for the bold; to oppose clear outlines to his indistinct ones; and to introduce for his low and common figures, those of a more select and beautiful kind."

Such is the story of the conversion of Guido, from the style of the Caracci and Caravaggio; in other words, he discovered, by accident or meditation, a new way to fame, more akin to his own natural taste and feelings than the old, and from that moment adopted and pursued it with success. Of the stern and the severe, he conceived the world had enough, he desired to try the effect of the sweet, the graceful, and the tender. The public acknowledged at once the loveliness of variety, and the fame of Guido was diffused over Europe. "Sweetness was his great object," says Lanzi, "he sought it equally in design, in the touch of his pencil, and in colouring; from that time he began to make use of white lead, a colour avoided by Lodovico, and at the same time predicted the durability of his tints, such as they have proved. He still preserved that strength of style so much aimed at by his school, while he softened it with more than its usual delicacy; and, by degrees, proceeding in the same direction, he in a few years attained to the degree of delicacy he had proposed. In these variations, however, he never lost sight of that exquisite ease which so much attracts us in his works."

"The grace of Guido" has become proverbial. He studied youthful loveliness with unremitting care; he made himself familiar with the most natural and becoming turns of the head and positions of the body, and to all he added that

softness, and elegance, and angelic air, which induced Passeri to declare that his faces were those of Paradise. To the admiration of living nature he united the study of antique sculpture. The Medicean Venus and the Niobe were his favourite models. Nor did he limit his studies to these: from Raphael, Correggio, Parmigianino, and more particularly from Paul Veronese, he gathered beauties of all kinds; nor did he copy what he loved with a servile hand. In all that he touched there is observed a happy freedom of handling, an air alluring and sweet, and an original and abstract principle of beauty which belonged to himself alone; nay, it was his boast, that he could extract grace and loveliness out of the commonest form and most sordid expression. For one of his Magdalens, he caused a colour-grinder, a person vulgar almost to deformity, to sit, and exerting his all but miraculous skill, produced a lovely creation, yet exhibiting as much of the sinner as amounted to portraiture.

The works of this eminent painter are numerous. Critics have traced his sense of the beautiful to the elegance of his own person, saying that the man is always to be found in his works. That he was handsome may be inferred from Lodovico Caracci employing him as a model whenever he had an angel to paint. But though his pictures are to be found in every collection where the beautiful is admitted, they are seldom to be acquired by purchase. When a head with the Guido stamp upon it comes into the market, it is bought up at a high price. When Arpino was asked his opinion of Guido's performances in the Capella Quirinale, he replied, "Other pictures are made by men's hands, but these are made by hands divine." In his latter days a love of gaming carried him too frequently from his easel; it did more—it reduced him from affluence to poverty, and brought on a dejection of spirits and a languishing disorder, under which he sunk, at his native Bologna, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.



CHRIST APPEARING TO ST. PETER.

ANNIBALE CARACCI.

THIS fine picture is not scriptural, as some have imagined: it embodies a tradition of the Romish Church. The New Testament tells us that Christ, after his resurrection, appeared to St. Peter: but it was more consistent with the aim and practice of the church, when losing its simplicity, to give currency to obscure or doubtful legends, rather than draw attention to the true and accredited narrative of the gospel. Peter, says the tradition, not finding at the time any liking for martyrdom, made his escape from Rome, and was hurrying along the Appian way, when he met Jesus bearing the Cross, "Lord, where goest thou?" inquired the astonished saint; "I am going to Rome to be crucified a second time," was the answer, "for I find that my disciples are afraid of attesting the truth of my cause with their blood." The rebuked saint returned and suffered martyrdom. The legend is a very beautiful one; it is in keeping with the timid character of Peter; and serviceable too to the church of Rome, which claimed supremacy over all Christian churches. Those who imagined the legend, found an admirable interpreter in Caracci: it is admitted by very fastidious critics that this picture is one of the best studied and effective of all his performances in this country.

Annibale excelled in the serenely graceful—in an austere simplicity which too few have imitated. The Christ of this picture is an example of this: he is equally elegant in form, and divine in expression, and the action is perfectly simple and natural—there is no straining to make the body aid the mind. There is a deep lustre of colour also; almost, as an artist said, more than mortal; it is scarcely of this world, and reminds us of the super-human hues of the "Christ in the Garden" of Correggio. The fine colouring is not thought superior to the consummate skill displayed in the fore-shortening of the figure: the advancing posture, the moving limbs, and the extended arm, are the wonder of all artists whose eyes are not closed by vanity on all excellence save their own. Of the general impression which this fine vision makes, Otley says, "The effect is not more the result of the correctness of that figure, in respect of outline and lineal perspective, than of the judicious arrangement of its lights and shadows." The rest of the picture has many beauties: the landscape which forms the background, would make any living artist a fair reputation alone: St. Peter has a re-

buked and startled air: the propriety of his posture has been questioned; but it seems consistent enough—he is represented suddenly receding, as from a vision which had burst upon him at once—nay, he is about to kneel, or at least bow the knee—his marvelling looks and held up hand testify the impression made upon him.

When Daglione said that Annibale Caracci restored the true art of colouring from nature, which had been lost; introduced a sort of antique beauty of form into his compositions, and revived the art of landscape painting, afterwards imitated by the Flemings, he was thinking of pictures such as this, where those beauties are all united. But though this is perhaps one of the finest pictures of our Saviour which we possess, in point of beauty of form and propriety of expression, we are less sure that it comes up to that image of divine loveliness and celestial mildness and grace of manner which the New Testament raises in the mind. It must always be so, we fear, when the art of man aspires to embody things immortal: fancy, at first bright, grows dim: the inspiration of the first impulse subsides, and we obtain, at last, a mortal instead of an immortal, thing. A divine being can, in truth, be in shape but a perfect man: his beauty is of earth, and his lustre is tried by comparison with colours, the richest which the world affords, but still not heavenly: outwardly, therefore, when we see the noblest shape which art can supply, we have but a fine human being before us—the divinity is yet to be bestowed. To breathe an expression into it which shall lift it among the celestials, and give the grandeur of a God, is a power bestowed on few, and in that the mastery of the invention lies; but how few are they in number who can, to a form of perfect elegance and graceful unity, communicate a sentiment which raises it to the skies. In truth, the Christian religion is in its principle averse to intercourse with art. In scripture, the personal beauty of Christ is nowhere insisted on, nor is it argued that his disciples were men of dignity of exterior: humility and meekness are their attributes—their doctrine is addressed to the mind and not to the eye, and in this it differs from the religion of the heathen, and from all other forms of worship which insist on the importance of external things. The painters of the palmy times of the Romish church brought as much of heaven into their pictures as art could accomplish; that they failed often in sublime and immortal subjects must be accepted as a proof that man's skill cannot embody the noblest visions of his mind.

It would be unjust, however, to the merit and fame of Caracci, if we shut our eyes to the fact, that his serious pictures are more highly admired by the members of the Catholic church than by those of the Protestant. Lanzi thus speaks of his works: "His Taking down from the Cross, at the Church of the Capuccini, in Parma, may challenge the most distinguished followers of the Parmese school. His picture of St. Rocco is still more celebrated, comprising the perfections of different artists, a piece engraved in aqua-forte by Guido Reni; it was executed for Reggio, thence transferred to Modena, and from the last place

to Dresden. He represented the saint standing near a portico, on a basement, and dispensing his wealth to poor mendicants; a composition not so very rich in figures as in knowledge of the art. A throng of paupers, as different in point of infirmity as in age and sex, is admirably varied, both in the grouping and the gestures. One is seen receiving with gratitude, another, impatiently expecting, a third counting his alms with delight: every object is misery and humiliation, and yet everything seems to display the abundance and dignity of the artist." Mengs, a writer whose authority is daily decreasing, says, that Caracci "checked his natural fire when he beheld the wondrous works in Rome: imitated Raphael, and retained at the same time, a portion of the style of Correggio, to support the dignity of his manner."

The pencil of Annibale Caracci was not confined to devout subjects alone. The Roman galleries show many of his works taken from ancient history and mythology; and Lanzi particularly describes one painted in colours, of which glue and the yolk of an egg are what artists call the "vehicle." "It is a Pan teaching Apollo to play upon the pipe: figures at once designed, coloured, and disposed, with the hand of a great master. They are so finely expressive, that we see in the countenance of the youth humility, and apprehension of committing an error; and in that of Pan, turning another way, peculiar attention to the sound, his pleasure in possessing such a pupil, and his anxiety to conceal from him his real opinion, lest he might happen to grow vain. No other pieces, so exquisitely finished, are found from his hand at Bologna." We have wandered a little from the picture before us, but we imagined that our readers might like to hear something more of the eminent person whose name stands last of the list of painters who formed what has been called the golden age of art in Italy.

The Christ appearing to St. Peter is painted on wood, measures two feet six inches high, by one foot ten inches wide, and came to the National Gallery from the collection of the Prince Aldobrandini, in the Borghese Palace.

THE MARKET-CART.

GAINSBOROUGH.

From the poetic conceptions of Titian and Guercino, one replete with heathen elegance, the other with Christian beauty, we come to the homely nature and rustic truth of Gainsborough. And yet all is not so imaginative in the two former, or so literal and fac-simile-like in the latter, as some may suppose: in the conceptions of the eminent Italians, we have no doubt that much of the living beauty of their tunes mingled, and that they owed their nymphs and their angels as much to literal flesh and blood before them as they did to fancy: in the "Market-Cart" of the Englishman we may see something of the same use made of nature; it is seldom, indeed, that a natural scene is worthy of being expressly copied, and we may suppose that the painter found somewhere a leading feature or two of his picture, and invented, or transposed the rest. Be that as it may, the picture before us is one of singular truth, airiness, and beauty; all is home-bred about it—the stamp of Old England is impressed upon it everywhere—the trees are in their rough unpruned leafiness; the children have an air of freedom and vigour; the dogs seem surly and attached; the uncombed and unwiped strength of the horse; the quiet splendour of the little patch of water with its flags and rushes; nay, even the light struggling through the glades and lapses of the luxuriant forest are all touched with the hue and character of this land. We may add to this, too, that unlike many other landscapes in which there are at most

"Vacant shepherds piping in the dale."

and a variety of other listless personages, we have here a double picture of industry—the hands which have collected the fruits of the earth, and placed them in the cart, are carrying them to the market. Gainsborough seldom painted a picture exhibiting barren splendour alone: he peopled his landscapes with peasants following their occupations, and sometimes stamped a stern severity upon them by contrasting their "looped and windowed raggedness" with the glorious woods, fertile fields, and far-seen spires and domes of the houses of the rich and the powerful.

The Market Cart was presented to the National Gallery by the Members of the British Institution: it is painted on canvas, and measures six feet one inch and a half high, by five feet wide, and is looked upon by men of taste as one of Gains-



borough's gayest pictures. The name tells in a great measure the story: two girls, part of whose dress is laid aside, from the warmth of the sun, are seated on the top of a cart loaded with carrots, turnips, and other such hourly vegetables; two boys, whose coats are thrown into the cart, walk by its side, along with a careful dog; the way they have come seems to have been hot; the horse, allured by a little spout sheet of water, proceeds into it, either to cool his hoofs or drink, while two wayfarers, in the shadow of the forest, seem so overcome by the burning sun beneath which they have marched, that they lie and enjoy the luxury, regardless of what is passing. Through the shafts and branches of the trees the sun, evidently in his summer strength, has forced his way, and throws lines of straggling and ineffectual light on the water and on the banks. Such is the best description which we can give of this fine picture; those who know the original, cannot be unaware that no words can express the vigour of its light and shade, or place, as the painting does, a living scene, fresh and sunny, before you. "The picture," says Otley, "is richly and harmoniously coloured, and has otherwise great beauties: but in respect of execution, it is not, we think, exempt from the vice of manner."

Of Thomas Gainsborough much has been said, and much has been written; yet it is wonderful to think how little is known respecting him on which we can place full reliance. He did not live in days when all the doings of men of genius are noticed and noted down in a book; he differed, too, with Reynolds, and had not, therefore, the notoriety which clung long to those who belonged to his coterie; besides, he was a bold, free-spirited man, very independent, and not a little eccentric, and never sought to gain friends by fine words, or by smoothness of demeanour. "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party," was his dying exclamation, and in these words we may read the enthusiastic character of the man: Napoleon died giving out orders of battle; Gainsborough, in forming a party of artists so select as only to admit one portrait painter to salvation. The ruling feeling of life is strong in death; he had been annoyed by the opposition of Reynolds, whom he would never consider otherwise than as a mere portrait painter, and, excelling, too, in that line himself, he had been a good deal touched in spirit from the preference which the world gave, and sometimes, we think, hastily, to the likenesses, of his rival. There are few men who can despise misrepresentation or neglect during life from a feeling that justice will be done to their genius in death; a cold ear is lent, we are afraid, to praise which is poured over the grave, and there can be little doubt, whatever men of talent may aver, that they would willingly hear the voice of admiration in life at the risk of having it deducted from the gross amount of their after fame. Gainsborough felt that he had no rival in landscape save Wilson, who was oppressed with poverty and underrated, and he, therefore, made head against the President, with the knowledge, that in case of failure, he had his landscapes to fall back upon as a sure line of defence. We consider the fame of Gainsborough to be established in

nature, to be sonnded on such subjects as will have an enduring interest, and in this respect he stands on surer ground than if he had acquired alone the reputation for portraits, which he longed for. The world will perhaps continue to admire a scene in which the wild woods, the deep sea, the flowers of the field, the sun, the air, and the sky, together with the living creatures which inhabit the whole, the two-footed, the four-footed, and the winged, are all wrought up in to one magnificent picture; but we are not so certain that such admiration will long follow.

"The unlettered nameless faces"

which a portrait painter sends from his easel.

Gainsborough is in every thing English: he was, in some measure, his own instructor, his academy was nature, he imitated no one either in his conceptions or his style of colouring. As he had never studied out of the island, he had not that fame which clings to those who have studied in the eternal city; but his reputation was all the better for this—it came from an original source; there is much truth in the sarcastic admonition of Nothcote to his pupils on departing for Italy: "Go, my lads, go, and remember that you cross the Alps to steal." The English disciples of art generally lose their own island originality in gazing upon the splendid works of Michael Angelo and Raphael; they come home, bringing with them all that is weak, and leaving all that is strong; they cannot heir the genius which inspired those magnificent works, and they have never fully succeeded in mastering the skill of drawing and lucid depth of colour visible in all that is Italian. Of the manners and conversation of this eminent person, the hostility of Philip Thicknease, and the good-natured friendship of Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, have given us some information, but the descriptions of the former must be taken with much abatement, for he was a changeable and fickle man, and the remarks of the latter are chiefly directed to musical matters, of which the painter, to his cost, was passionately fond. He bestowed a favourite daughter upon a musician, who lived to misrepresent both the artist and his wife, and he presented a favourite picture to another of the craft, who played him a tune of which he was particularly fond. He was moreover a purchaser of harps, sackbuts, psalterys, dulcimers, flutes, fiddles, and all manner of instruments of music, and he often endeavoured to extract sounds from them which Jackson declares were grating to the ear. He was, in truth, a whimsical but worthy man; he abounded in odd notions, but he was nearly mad in all that regarded music and painting; he took up his brush as he laid aside his fiddle, and he threw away the brush to take up the flute, the theorbo, or the harp; with him a fine artist was the first of men, but a first-rate musician was as a god. "First Giardini," says Jackson, "enchanted him with the violin; he imagined the music lay in the fiddle, and wondered when he purchased it that the music remained with Giardini. He had scarcely recovered from the shock, when Abel, with the Viol di Gamba, bewitched him; the

violin was hung on the willows—Viol di Gamba was purchased, many an adagio and minuet were begun, but none completed; thus the artist thought wonderful, as Abel's own instrument ought to have produced Abel's own music. He heard a harper at Bath, Giardini and Abel were forgotten; and there was nothing like chords and arpeggios. He stuck to the harp till he learned to play several airs with variations, but a visit from Abel brought him back to the Viol di Gamba." Such are the words of Jackson; but all men, save musicians, allowed that the artist had not only fine taste in music, but could play well on several instruments. Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727, and died in London, August 2, 1788.

ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.

ANNIBALE CARACCI.

FIVE of the name of Caracci rose to eminence in art: viz. Ludovico, Agostino, Antonio, Francesco, and Annibale; they were kinsmen, and flourished about the same period: the first obtained distinction both at home and abroad. Agostino was a poet of no mean powers; but Annibale, though not the oldest, is placed, from superiority of genius, at the head of the family. He was born at Bologna in the year 1560, received a liberal education, and studied painting under his cousin Ludovico Caracci, who was one of the disciples of the Bologna school. Annibale, however, did not confine his views to the masters of painting in his native place; he made himself acquainted with the works of Correggio, Titian, Tintoretto, Paulo Veronese, and other skilful artists, and in copying them, endeavoured to preserve his own original feeling and taste. He was naturally desirous of distinction, and came to an early resolution to measure his strength against those great masters with whom the world was familiar; nor did he want powers to fit him for the task; he had a fine imagination, much boldness of conception, and a taste for the wild and the daring. The fame of his works reached Rome, and the Cardinal Farnese invited him to employ his pencil on that gallery which bears his own unworthy name; the reputation of the antique statues, those masterpieces of science and genius, had fired his fancy before, and made him the more willing to comply with the wish of the cardinal—on his arrival in the Eternal City, the first step he took was to the gallery which contained the relics of Grecian art. The sight and study of those performances had an immediate effect upon his style of drawing; the severe dignity of the antique rebuked the flightiness of his imagination; he became more scientific, more correct; but what he gained in purity he lost in vigour, and in taming down his fancy, he is accused of quenching some of its fire. His kinsmen charged him with deserting the manner of his native school, and with creating a sort of medium style, which had a portion of all schools, and belonged rightly to none.

The paintings in the Farnese Palace were the work of ten years; men from all quarters, the tasteful and the titled, flocked to see them, and the painter hoped to stand equal in fame with Angelo and Raphael. That he executed his vast task in a way worthy of his reputation, and showed singular boldness of thought and readiness of imagination, has been allowed by almost all critics; he



seems not, however, to have satisfied his patron, who, influenced, it is said, by the sordid advice of his favourite dependant, Don Gio, presented the painter with five hundred crowns for a work which merited more than as many thousands. Injustice regarding this splendid work has not been confined to the cardinal; Fuseli, who only allowed one or two painters to be great in poetic imagination, has recorded his opinion in these injurious terms: "The work on which Annibale rests his fame is the Gallery of the Farnese Palace, a work whose uniform vigour of execution nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception. If impropriety of ornament were to be fixed by definition, the subjects of the Farnese Gallery might be quoted as the most decisive instances. Criticism has attempted to dismiss Paolo Veronese and Tintoretto from the province of legitimate history with the contemptuous appellation of ornament painters; if this be just, where shall we class him, who, with the Capella Sistina and the Vatican before his eyes, fills the mansion of religious austerity and episcopal dignity, with a chaotic series of trite fable and bacchanalian revelry, without allegory, void of allusion, merely to gratify the puerile ostentation of dauntless execution and academic vigour. If the praise given to a work be not always transferable to its master; if, as Milton says, 'the work some praise and some the architect,' let us admire the splendour, the exuberance, the concentration of powers displayed in the Farnese Gallery, whilst we lament their misapplication by Annibale Caracci."

Censure such as this from a painter, whose chief fault was extravagance, may seem conclusive as to the merits of Caracci's great work; but Fuseli's opinions require to be considered before they are adopted; he spoke and decided too much by momentary impulse to be a safe guide, and hazarded strong sayings for the sake of their wit or their oddity. Caracci's classic groups were the offspring of learning and the age in which he painted. The heathen mythology continued for a century after his time to infest our literature, it is not yet wholly removed from our art. Nor was it a church for which he imagined those groups of bacchanalian revellers, nor yet the "mansion of religious austerity;" it was the dwelling of a cardinal, nowise desirous of having his walls painted with comments upon scripture, and who was not averse to joyous company, and the presence of heathen divinities. Agostino, in one of his sonnets, indicates the character which his cousin Annibale sought to impress on his works—he imagined, that by selecting the beauties and correcting the faults of each school, he might form a perfect system, such as would excite the wonder of the world. "Take," says he, "Roman design; Venetian motion and shade; Lombardy's fine tone of colour; the terrible manner of Michael Angelo; the just symmetry of Raphael; the truth and nature of Titian; the sovereign purity of Correggio; the duration and solidity of Tibaldi; the learned invention of Primaticcio, and a little of Parmigiano's grace—or, to save study and labour, imitate

the works which our dear Nicolo has left." That Annibale attempted all this no one has said; it is true, however, that in his latter works the severe coldness of the Greek sculpture was more than visible, and that in becoming more scientific, he grew more dry and less natural both in invention and colour.

The work before us may be said to have been conceived in Bologna, and painted in Rome. There is something of the wild daring of Caracci's youthful imagination in it; and not a little of that severe truth and scientific accuracy of outline which he affected after removing to the capital. The savage grandeur of the wilderness is stamped on the background, where rock piled on rock, staggled with trees and bushes, and moistened by a riuulet which glimmers among the natural basins of the glen, form a retreat suiting with St. John's melancholy grandeur of soul. The picture tells its story at once, and cannot well be looked on without being understood. In this work the painter is imagined to have had Correggio in his mind, who was fond of placing beauty in a desert. None of the superabundance of embellishment, for which Fuseli censures his Farnese Gallery, has found its way into the design; all is barren and savage; the seat of the Saint is on the ground, his body is but partly covered; the cross is in his left-hand, and a wooden cup in his right, with which he is procuring water from the rock. Nor does he seem to be seeking the water to quench his thirst, the cup is about flowing over, and he may be considered as moralizing upon the element running to waste. "The figure," says Outley, "is drawn and executed with great academic power; and the back-ground, a wild picturesque landscape, is painted in Annibale's boldest manner." Hazlitt, in his Sketches, had nearly overlooked this picture. "I forgot to notice," said he, "a St. John in the Wilderness, by Annibale Caracci, which has much of the autumnal tone, the scar and yellow leaf of Titian's landscape compositions."

It is from the Orleans Collection, measures five feet five inches high, by four feet one inch wide, and belongs to the National Gallery.

THE MERRY FIDDLER.

JOB BERKHEYDEN.

THERE are painters who seek to awe us by their wild and supernatural sights; some who desire to instruct us by their historical delineations; others whose chief pleasure lies in depicting the varied aspect of inanimate nature; a vast number lay out their time and their colours in preserving the looks of the rich or the important; nor is the class small who reprove vice and show folly her own contemptible likeness; but the artists who seem to have satisfied the world most are those who embody scenes of domestic joy, rustic delight, and fire-side happiness. Of this class, not the least remarkable, was Job Berkheyden. We need not go further for an example of his taste and his skill than the scene before us, one no doubt that the painter himself had seen and enjoyed. It is a picture which belongs to a happy people: the sole inhabitant of the canvas seems well to live in the world, is on good terms with himself, and is, in all probability, a jolly bachelor, who, in the cool contents of a choice bottle, the inspiration of a ballad, and the charms of music, seeks consolation for the absence of

“ ——— dear deluding woman,
The joy of joys.”

He has other materials of enjoyment scattered about; a song whose heading is “Minstrelsy above all things,” is stuck on the wall close to his bow-hand; on the other side are some small Dutch-built volumes, to be opened, perhaps, when the fiddle is hung on the nail behind him, and we see something like a chair of state with arms and a canopy, which indicates a man of consequence in the village, whose word as well as music is listened to. On looking at this picture, in the very interesting collection of R. Ludgate, Esq., we were touched with the festive character of the composition, the truth of the expression, and the natural tone of the colouring.

Job Berkheyden was born at Haarlem—a city distinguished for its brave resistance to the victorious Spaniards—sometime during the year 1637. Little is known here of his early life, and less of his works than some of them seem to deserve; his instructor is not named; his biographer contented himself with giving him the picturesque banks of the Rhine for his academy, from whose wooded sides and hurrying waters he collected materials, we are told, for many

pretty landscapes. When he had taken a number of sittings from inanimate nature, he turned his attention to men and animals, nor was he ill to please in his models, for he found them in boors, innkeepers, and shepherds, and in the ordinary drudging cattle which ply on the road, or are to be seen in the fields. When he had acquired sufficient skill in such delineations, he then thought of uniting landscape with life, and in imitation of Teniers, pictured the peasants of his native land at feasts, weddings, dances, drinkings, and conversations. The truth of character and agreeable colouring of these compositions carried his name over the province, and he acquired both money and reputation. He seems now to have associated his brother Gerard, some seven years younger than himself, with his labours: they painted many pictures in conjunction, and lived so happily together, that they engaged in a sort of romantic expedition, which ended favourably for their fortunes.

Their native place, it is said, was not sufficiently generous or kind, and the two brothers determined to seek more discerning patrons. They heard much of the munificence of the Elector Palatine: how he encouraged genius and rewarded art, and without an introduction of any kind or a friend to aid them, they set out for the court of the Prince. They wasted several days in wandering about the palace or its neighbourhood: they were personally unknown to all, and it would seem that their fame had not yet penetrated to the throne. At last they fell upon a scheme of making themselves known—a scheme much resorted to by the painters of these our latter days—they resolved to try what an exhibition would do. "Having often observed," says Pilkington, "the Elector going out to the chase, Berkheyden took particular notice of all the nobility in his train, and then, with the aid of his brother, finished two pictures, containing the portraits of the prince and his principal attendants. When the pictures were finished, he prevailed with an officer of the household to place them in a gallery through which his highness passed at his return. The prince no sooner saw them than he expressed the greatest surprise and satisfaction at the performance; inquired after the artists, and, ordering them to be brought into his presence, received them graciously, rewarded them nobly for their work, and made them considerable presents besides, among which were two medals of gold." These are pleasing traits in the characters of princes and painters; it is seldom that biography has caught so romantic to relate of either, the former rarely now favour the unfriended, and the latter paint and complain without trying to awaken slumbering generosity by any such poetic attempts. The painter died in 1693: his works are not common in this country.

THE MARKET GIRL.

MORLAND

Those who love variety will not be unwilling to leave the St. Peter of Caracci, the fowls and farmers of Rubens, and, turning their thoughts to England, take a look at the country girl of Morland on her way to market. It is true that George wants the dignity of Annibale, has none of the magnificence of Peter Paul, and that his work is of an humble kind, representing a young rustic, in her homespun dress, pursuing a very ordinary employment. Yet, though this is a scene such as we may expect to see any day, it will perhaps be long before we can see any thing so perfectly graceful and natural as that which the painter has placed before us. The morning is sunny and warm; the Market Girl has come perhaps a long way, with a weighty basket, and gladly avails herself of a resting place by the road-side, where she deposits for a moment her load, and stands with her bonnet in her hand, contemplating the remainder of her journey. See with what ease and elegance she stands; there is no constraint of posture, nor put on expression of face; the spire of the town is in the distance where she must seek and find a market for her rustic commodities, and probably see some one to whom her quiet smile and happy looks will be welcome. We have often, in the days of our youth, found our way into the market-place of our native town, and looked with pleasure on the many young, and innocent, and blooming faces grouped around, mildly anxious for customers for butter and barn-door fowls. Such a figure and face as those of Morland's Market Girl we have not infrequently seen, and it is perhaps as good a compliment as we can pay the discernment of the painter, to add, that they soon found a market for themselves: a few years, and the blooming and bashful lass made her appearance as a thriving and happy wife, presiding over the in-door economy of a farmer's household.

To Londoners, and one so dissipated as Morland, it is next to a wonder that images of country simplicity and rustic modesty should have presented themselves: he was, when very young, made intimate with much of the folly and vice of the town; he assumed the dress of the fop, and copied the manners of the man of pleasure, and in all, save his paintings, was artificial and affected. The moment he took up the pencil, folly resigned her rule, and nature reigned in her stead: his mind wandered from the wine-vaults and the gin-shops, to homely cottages, barn-yards, calf-cribs, and piggeries; he forgot the hungry creditor, the grating



pawnbroker and the drouthy companion, and saw but a horde of gipsies bivouacked with their motley tents, tawny children and tethered asses. The perfect nature of Morland's works will always maintain their popularity; the very names are not unpleasing to read; they indicate the sort of entertainment to be expected; there is nothing of the high-flown or the historical in the list, and yet there is much in the pictures, which, from the singular vigour of conception and ease and happiness of handling, raise emotions akin to the poetic. The Sailor's Conversation. The Country Butcher. Dog and Cat fighting. Fighting Dogs. Watering the Cart Horse. The Farm Yard. The Farmer's Stable. The Fisherman's Hut. Selling Fish. Fishermen. Smugglers. The Peasant's Repast. The Ale-house door. Ale-house Kitchen. Public-house door. Labourers at Lunch. Stable Amusement. Sportsman Refreshing. The Rabbit Warren. Cottage Family. Shepherd's Meal. The Storm. The Dram. Fishermen going out in the Morning. Fishermen Returning. Milkmaid and Cowherd. Peasant and Pigs. A Conversation. The Corn-bin. A Horse Feeder. Feeding the Pigs. Return from Market. Gathering Wood. Gathering Fruit. The Straw Yard. Shepherd and his flock. The Market Girl.

We have heard of men whose notions of art are so sublimely high, that they hesitate to admit Morland into the list of painters. Perhaps his dissipated way of life induced those judges to conclude that the *artist* was as low in all respects as the *man*; but this would have been amply refuted by a look at his works, where nature, which those critics imagined they worshipped, triumphed. There is no doubt that the public had no sympathy with such exclusive fancies. "Crowds of patrons," says Collins, "sought every opportunity of possessing themselves of his pictures. Some very few striking portraits were produced by him as a great favour: but the offers he received of constant employment at his own prices, and to be exonerated from all the pecuniary difficulties in which his imprudence had involved him, were equally rendered abortive by the levity and perverseness of his conduct." In truth, Morland cared little for the opinions of his brethren in art: he courted not their company, and probably never thought of instituting a comparison between his representations of rustic groups and gipsies with asses and panniers, and the grand style, which so many artists worship. To ride on a high trotting horse, drive the Highgate or Hampstead stage-coach; serve as a parish constable; get first tipsy out of fifteen at table, and dash in a scene on canvass to pay a large reckoning, were dearer to his heart than all the honour which academies could decree, or princes bestow.

The fine picture, now for the first time engraved, which has called forth these remarks, is in the possession of Mr. Holland the painter, and the plate has been executed under his superintendence.



CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

OVERBECK.

THE range of art is boundless as this frame of things itself—as from the representation of inanimate nature, it rises to the delineation of the loftiest forms of human life; the most refined, delicate, and noble expression of the human being. Its highest domain is *the religious*—its consummate triumph to embody the divine ideas of Christianity. We may say with perfect truth, that the church in Italy advanced the cause of art, no less by its munificent patronage, than by the feeling which it required to pervade the immortal painters, whose works were destined for its service. To idealise and embody the Christ in all his mingled majesty and tenderness—to portray in him a love more than human—to picture him in his depth of suffering, and in his meekness and resignation was the noble aim, the successful achievement of those men. No doubt this might be, and was abused, by the weakness of nature, or by the cunning of priestcraft—still it remains for ever true that it is the highest style of art, and to be reached only by the few great painters whose knowledge of all the *material* resources of their profession is subservient to the loftiest expression of *mind*.

The genius of Protestantism seems hostile, at first sight, to this class of art, at least it has never favoured it. The great painter whose work is here before us, is, we believe, a Catholic, and deeply imbued with the high feeling we have above described. It is a triumph of modern German art—one of those works which no less impress and delight the common observer, than they satisfy the high requirements of the professional critic.

The subject is one of those scenes of the New Testament, which, in its perusal, we always seek to figure to ourselves in all its details. The painter meets us here, and we doubt not, many on looking upon his creation, feel that such they would have imagined the moving scene. We are by the way-side in Palestine, the meek Saviour is surrounded by a group of eager parents, who bring forward their little ones to receive his blessing, they cluster around his knees—from the sweet child, hardly beyond infancy, encircled by its sister's arm, looking up in trusting simplicity, to the youth kneeling with an expression of mingled awe and love. He regards them with unutterable tenderness, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Never has art reached a more complete personification of Christ than in this figure, in which the

grace of the attitude, the noble breadth of the drapery, and the serene beauty of the head, are all, with consummate feeling, subordinated to the expression of divine love, which none but a master mind could thus have infused into his creation: an air more than human seems to breathe from the person of the Redeemer, of which all who surround him appear conscious—all appear wrapt in a feeling of trust and of veneration, such as we may conceive to have accompanied his presence. The power to work out such a scene, and so completely to satisfy the mind, and raise it to a sense of all the moral beauty of the incident, is the attribute but of the gifted few. It is full of consummate art, the ideal and the real are so combined, that while the nature and simplicity of the work are striking to every one, every form and expression is moulded upon the highest conceptions of beauty.

Nothing can be finer than the composition; no figure is out of place, every thing subserves the effect of the principal group. From the general effect of the picture to come to its details—each portion is in itself exquisitely beautiful; the grace of form, purity of outline, and breadth of drawing are complete, neither hard, affected, nor exaggerated, the contrast of forms and lines produces perfect harmony. There is no mannerism, no display of mere drawing; the mind of the consummate painter is visible throughout.

The school of which this picture is so remarkable a specimen, has been charged with plagiarism from the works of the early Italian masters, and we have heard it said that there is not a head, or a piece of drapery but may be pointed out in their productions, while the general style of composition is invariably copied. Their works certainly are not free from a certain affectation of the manner of this school—but to whatever degree the painter of this fine work may have been indebted to these sources for suggestions, we must admit that he has here originated, from the stores of his own genius, a composition not unworthy of the companionship of the finest productions of ancient art.

SAMUEL BEFORE ELI.

COPLEY.

THIS composition has always been a favourite with the public, combining as it does many qualities which are seldom seen so well blended in one picture. The breadth and grandeur of the chiaroscuro is very fine, the light is well concentrated, and the management of the shadows very masterly. The subject admitted of contrast, and the painter has availed himself of it with no small skill and feeling: the simplicity of the young Samuel, as he relates to the venerable High-priest, the terrible doom about to fall on his unworthy sons, gives increased force to the expression which is thrown into the head and figure of the old man; he receives the will of Heaven with a sudden pang of parental grief—but all complaint is subdued by resignation to the award of the righteous Judge. The whole figure and head is indeed a study—the light falling finely on the lofty temples and silver hair of the venerable priest; the rich effect of his breast-plate, and sacerdotal costume, and the breadth of the flowing drapery, which invests the lower part of the person, are quite in the grand style of art. The figure of Samuel is also very natural and beautiful; his hand is placed in affectionate confidence on the knee of the old man, his grace of attitude and long flowing locks contrast with the hoary hairs of the patriarch, while the uplifted arm, pointing to heaven, at once explains the picture. From the striking character of the incident, the dramatic manner in which it is expressed, and the pleasing contrast of the two figures, the work will always retain its hold upon popular admiration.

This picture is very different from that of the Death of Chatham, by the same master, which forms part of our collection, and in noticing which we have given a brief biographical sketch of Copley. That work was characterised as occupying a middle space between portrait and historical painting, and in exhibiting an instance of the skill with which the painter might meet the difficulties of a crowded subject, in which it was necessary to retain the likenesses of all the principal parties, albeit, in the dignity of the historical style, as well as the monotonous formality of the dress. Here, on the contrary, we have an instance of a purely scriptural subject, well selected, in which the action is simple, the heads offering a fine opportunity for expression, and the flowing and picturesque costume well serving the purpose of effect and colour. The



THE GLADE COTTAGE.

CROME.

THERE are men with talents of no common order, with the visible impress of originality on their works, but whose worth is known to few while living, and who obtain in death a tardy acknowledgment of their merits, and an imperfect or feeble memoir. One of the worthiest of these was John Crome the landscape-painter: he was born at Norwich, December 21, 1769: as his parents were humble his education was limited, and though he felt an early desire for distinction, he saw no better way of attaining it than learning under Mr. Whistler the art of coach and sign painting. His new business put pencils and colours into his hands, and his hours of remission from labour afforded him time for study. He was soon observed making drawings from prints, and even attempting to copy nature: an ingenious companion aided him in making a camera-obscura, which brought mechanical help to his studies, and impressed a love of accuracy on his mind, which may be traced through all his productions. That will-o'-wisp which artists call effect, and to which too many sacrifice expression, lured Crome away for a time from his more natural studies: while this fascination was on him he painted scenes in the moonlight, and even amid great violence of contrast he displayed much truth of delineation. His works were now publicly talked of, and attracted the notice of Dr. Sayers, who not only praised but purchased; a liberality not common among connoisseurs. When the term of the painter's servitude expired, he formed the resolution of working one half of the week at signs and shopboards, to raise money to enable him to pursue landscape the other: this required such self-denial as strong minds only know: Crome had self-denial; he persevered and was successful. He wrought in this way for several years; and produced a number of pictures copied from natural scenes around, remarkable for truth and beauty; nor were his labours wholly unproductive; by his skill in sign-painting, and the sale of a picture now and then for a small price, he gathered together a little sum of money; ambitious hopes were awakened in his mind, and he turned his face to London, the market for all works which have any claim to genius.

But in London he found competitors so numerous and the demand for landscapes so small, that he was obliged to seek subsistence for a time by sign, and even house-painting: in this humble state he was found by Sir William Beechey, who



invited him to his studio: shewed him how to prepare colours and set his palette, and even wrought himself in the peculiar style of Crome, for the sake of instructing him in the distribution of natural light and shade. Under this new instructor he acquired confidence; learned how to use his colours, and it was observed that henceforth he painted with more force and with better effect. He did not however succeed in impressing a sense of the value of his landscapes upon any one, save those who understand nature and truth, but who are not wealthy enough to be purchasers; a quiet forest scene, or a green sward valley with its silent stream, or some old fantastic tree, round which fairies danced when belief was in the land, failed to captivate, and Crome left London no richer and scarcely so famous as when he arrived, but greatly improved in taste and skill. It seems that the people of Norwich did not welcome him back in the way most dear to an artist's heart by giving him commissions, for he was obliged for a time to resume coach and sign-painting, and was even so reduced in purse as sometimes to be destitute of a shilling. Some one with probably less talent but more wisdom than the painter, advised him to give lessons in drawing; this advice he followed, and with such success, that he became acquainted with many opulent and generous families; made a little money, established a small studio, and pursued his labours in landscape according to his own heart.

Among those whom the talents of Crome attracted was John Gurney, of Earlham, a gentleman at once kind and generous, and Dawson Turner, whose taste and talent require no commendation. With the former he visited the fine scenery of the Cumberland Lakes, and felt his notions of landscape-grandeur expand; and with the latter he conversed on art, on literature, and other matters of purity and elegance, and was introduced to a valuable and enlightened line of acquaintance. One day, as Mr. Turner was looking over the paintings of the artist, admiring the truth of one, and the fresh spring-time look, or autumnal hues, of another, it occurred to him that at a public sale, properly announced, they would bring a fair sum of money. Crome concurred in this, the day of sale came, the auctioneer doubted his own skill in describing the various lots, and the painter was compelled to discharge the duty himself, which he did with much ease and modesty: between two and three hundred pounds were realized by this sensible hint.

When some forty years old or so, Crome perceived that Norwich was not only beginning to have a taste for the fine arts, but was likely to have painters of her own, for his own instructions and example were not thrown away upon the youth around, he therefore planned an exhibition, and also a school of art: nor were his efforts ineffectual, both were established, and he conducted the former, and presided in the latter, as long as he lived. As he was of a cheerful turn and fond of company, his society was much courted: he loved to relate the hardships of his youth, the difficulties he encountered in study, and from whence he acquired the native graces of his style. Much of his success he imputed to Hob-

THE HOLY FAMILY.

REYNOLDS.

THIS is one of those pictures which originated in Sir Joshua's admiration of the great Italian painters; if he has not surpassed their divinity of air, he has at least rivalled their beauty and repose. The subject has been often handled by artists; we have Holy Families from almost all painters of all countries. The theme has great attractions—it is connected with our faith, and a mother and an infant or two are lovely things, and awaken images of household tenderness common to all bosoms. But in treating the subject, maternal affection and infant beauty require to be subordinate—a something above the earth—an air celestial and a hue diviner are demanded; the Virgin mother must be little lower than the angels, and the young Saviour should have at least the dawn of that divinity which marked his maturer years. Few artists have poetic grandeur of soul enough to conceive such a group, and fewer still have that happy knowledge of eye and hand to embody it in true purity of form, and heavenly splendour of colour. We have many Families, but very few Holy ones; we have probably all that can be given as of this world, but little or nothing of that sublime beauty of person and expression which we may imagine, with the poets, that Eve wore when she came first from the hands of her Creator, and carried as it were the finger-marks of divinity upon her. That Reynolds has done what other painters failed to do cannot be asserted, yet he has succeeded in a great degree where we think no one has had full success.

"This picture presents," says Outley, "a pretty tranquil group, with an agreeable back-ground, and is well engraved by Sharpe (he may now add by Worthington.) The figures of the Madonna and the two infants are richly coloured, but the head and hands of Joseph appear to be somewhat faded, a misfortune, too often to be lamented in the works of this great painter." The artist in the conception of his picture has, I fear, made the Jesus and the St. John much too youthful for the consciousness which he has expressed in their looks; the latter is more fit for his nurse's knee than the task of crying in the wilderness and carrying the cross; Joseph, on the other hand, is an old grey bearded man, and quite unsuitable for a companion to one so fresh and blooming as Mary. Nor is this all, the scene is not marked by aught which speaks of Judea: the group may be taken as representing a repose during the flight into Egypt, yet they are scarcely



in a wilderness, and though the high and abrupt hill in the distance may be imagined to stand for Carmel, we cannot help wishing that the painter had settled the matter by giving us a more decided image of the land. The quiet beauty of the mother and child, and the splendour of the colouring, unite in making this a popular picture. The subject is a favourite one; Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio, Michael Angelo, and others, all painted or carved Holy Families. I happened to ask a clever traveller what he thought of the merits of their works as compared with the one by Sir Joshua. "All," said he, "may be called good, but the one which moved me most was a Madonna and Child by Correggio at Naples: in the others, one and all, I thought of the fine colours: this one was finely coloured, but the sentiment was better still—the child lay asleep on the Madonna's knees; the lips were parted; I thought I heard them breathe and saw them move. Over this vision of loveliness hung the Virgin mother, with such a look of maternal affection and entranced love as I never saw elsewhere. What was remarkable too it was some time before I saw a white rabbit much subdued in colour which came out upon the scene, giving, as I was told, an air of repose, but as I thought, an air of innocence and divinity—for the timid creature could not but see that the looks of the group were love."

The faded colouring of this picture has given much, it is believed, of the air of old age to Joseph, of which I have spoken; the decay of the splendid colours of Sir Joshua is much to be deplored; his chief excellence lay in colour and character; the outline, in which he was no great master, lay obscure and undecided amid a thousand beauties which sufficed for the spectator. These stratagems in outline always appeared to me as a serious defect; had the bounding line been visible the decay of the colours would have seemed but as a change of dress to a well made lady. He was constantly seeking after the secrets of the fixed and unfading colours of Titian; every fresh picture of his he imagined was a proof that he had mastered the mystery; time however has tried sorely the value of his discoveries; many of his pictures are now

"of faded lustre now,"

compared to what they looked when they came from his easel. Fuseli laughed, or affected to laugh, at the rich and glowing colours of the President: "he will rue it, he will rue it," said Sir Joshua hastily—feeling perhaps, as many have felt, that the want of such colouring in the pictures of the other was a sore drawback upon their merits. This picture of the Holy Family is six feet five inches high, by five feet nine inches and a half wide; and the painter's price for it was five hundred pounds. It was presented to the National Gallery by the governors of the British Institution.

A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

SALVATOR ROSA.

THE merits of Salvator Rosa are of a high order; his works have all a bold, free, and poetic character; they are original, and show among ordinary landscapes like thistles in beds of lilies, or a ruined tower in the midst of a flower-knot. He is like no one, and no one is like him; few have the poetic elevation of soul to equal

"what savage Rosa dashed;"

and our professors usually warn their pupils against imitating one whose works they hardly consider as ranking with the more regular and scientific compositions of the academies. His history is brief and instructive. He was born at Naples in 1614, and received instructions in drawing and colour from his kinsman, Francesco Francanzano. The too early death of his father exposed him when young to many hardships: to obtain subsistence he was obliged to make sketches on paper, and sell them, it is said, in the public streets, to such purchasers as charity or accident sent. Some of these designs, together with a picture of Ilagar and Ishmael, so affected Lanfranc, the painter, that he sought Salvator out, encouraged and aided him, and procured his admission to study in the school of Spagnoletto. The works of that eminent master, together with the battle-scenes of Falcone, had some influence upon his mode of grouping and style of handling. His mind expanded with his fortune; he soon distinguished himself by daring conceptions, bold freedom of hand, and gloomy splendour of colouring. His soul naturally delighted in scenes of savage magnificence and ruined grandeur; his spirit loved to stray in lonely glens, and gaze on mouldering castles. The bloom of summer, the ripe abundance of autumn, or the cheerful fires and merry pastimes of winter had no charms for him; he kindled his summer clouds with lightning, he sent firebrands and whirlwinds among the standing corn, and brought winter famished and gaunt from the north, scattering snow and hail among the shivering children of man.

It is in this light that Lauzi views him, when he says "savage scenery, Alps, broken rocks and caves, wild thickets, and desert plains, are the kind of landscapes in which he chiefly delighted: his trees are shattered, torn, and disbelled, and in the atmosphere itself he seldom introduced a cheerful hue, except occasionally a solitary sunbeam. He observed the same manner too in his sea-views.

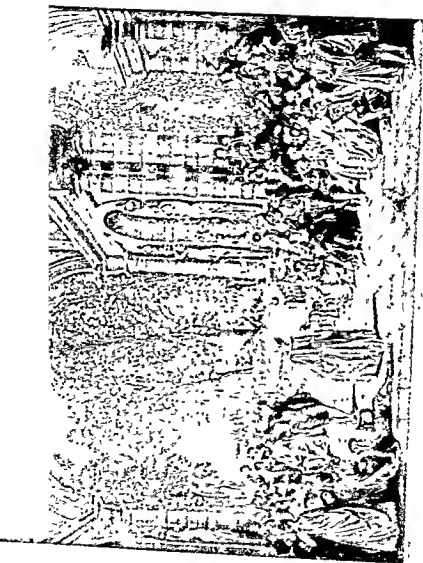


His style was original, and may be said to have been conducted on a principle of savage beauty, as the palate of some persons is gratified with austere wines. His pictures too were rendered more acceptable from the small figures of shepherds, mariners, or banditti, which he has introduced in almost all his compositions, and he was reproached by his rivals with having continually repeated the same ideas, and in a manner copied himself.* That Rosa was accused of imitating himself is less to be wondered at, than at the charge which has been urged against him, that he borrowed most of his excellence from Spagnoletto and Caravaggio. An artist so decidedly original in conception, and handling, could only be compared with himself,

* "None but himself could be his parallel."

And with respect to his imitation of other masters, there is no doubt that he profited by contemplating the strong natural style and dark colouring of his predecessors; but his ideas are all of a different order, and his scenes are his own. To a man of his strong genius imitation was far more difficult than original composition; his spirit was too buoyant to work in fetters. His genius was indeed comprehensive, and perhaps more strictly poetic than that of most painters. In contemplating a scene he seemed to see only those strong and leading points which a poet would select for song. His pictures are perhaps less difficult to describe than any other works of art; there is an allusion or a story in all he touches upon; the stormy beauties of his landscapes are generally united with human actions; for the wildest scenes he finds deeds equally wild; the storm in the sky is matched by the tempest of human passion on the earth; the roughest rock he delineates is scarcely more rugged than his rude inhabitant, who, with pistols in his belt, his hand on a sword, and his ears open to all sounds, stands ready for deeds of violence.

The genuine works of this great master are exceedingly rare, and of course valuable. A few of them are in the galleries of our British nobility, the fine picture from which the landscape before us is engraved is in the very select collection of Robert Ludgate, Esq., and like all the other productions of Salvator, it mingles human action with the stern magnificence of nature. At the base of hills, rising rugged, abrupt, and blue, to a great height, lies a smooth quiet lake, on the bosom of which the sun throws the outline of the neighbouring hills, and the shadows of a group of men and women, who are enjoying the secluded beauty of the scene, or preparing to bathe. On the other side two figures are seated on the ground, one old, the other young, and their image is expressed in the two trees behind them—one green and luxuriant, the other faded, decayed and broken. The ruins of a castle intimate that the vale was once permanently peopled, while the presence of travellers in the distance marks it as an object of curiosity. The colouring is what Byron calls "darkly bright," and the whole scene strikes the fancy—a merit which distinguishes in a great degree all the works of his master.



LE BAL CHAMPÊTRE.

WATTEAU.

HAZLITT has characterized Watteau, and described this picture in language too exact to be amended, and too felicitous to be easily equalled. "We find here," he says, speaking of the Dulwich Gallery, "two very clever specimens of the court painter Watteau, the Gainsborough of France: they are called *Le Fête Champêtre*, and *Le Bal Champêtre*. There is something exceeding light, agreeable and characteristic in this artist's productions. He might almost be said to breathe his figures and his flowers on the canvas; so fragile is their texture so evanescent his touch. He unites the court and the country at a sort of salient point—you may fancy yourself with Count Grammont and the beauties of Charles the Second, in their gay retreat at Tunbridge Wells. His trees have a drawing-room air with them, an appearance of gentility and etiquette, and nod gracefully overhead, while the figures below, thin as air, and vegetably clad in the midst of all their affectation and grimace, seem to have just sprung out of the ground, or to be the fairy inhabitants of the scene in masquerade. They are the Oreads and Dryads of the Luxembourg! Quaint association, happily effected by the pencil of Watteau. In the *Bal Champêtre* we see Louis the Fourteenth himself dancing looking so like an old bean, his face flushed and puckered up with gay anxiety; but then the satin of his slashed doublet is made of the softest leaves of the water-lily, zephyr plays wanton with the curls of his wig! We have nobody who could produce a companion to this picture now, nor do we devoutly wish it. The Louis the Fourteenth is extinct, and we suspect their revival would hardly be compensated even by the re-appearance of Watteau."

This eminent painter seems to have been born for the times; he has entered into all the joyous frolics and magnificent nothings of the gayest court of the gayest nation in the world, with a happiness of heart and hand almost unknown in art. Others worshipped Nature and loved to delineate her slumbering by some fountain's forbidden brink; or awakening love in all bosoms by the unconscious roguishness of her eyes, and the all but celestial graces of her person; the deity whom Watteau worshipped was Fashion; the simple loveliness of woman, as heaven made her, was nothing to him; he looked upon her as incomplete, till the firewoman, with her rustling silks, her dimpling satins, and her round tures like the moon, came and equipt her:

"For midnight dances and the public show"—

and adjusted with a cunning hand her patches, paint and jewels. The perfume of a court was sweeter with him than the perfume of nature, with all her glory. Look at the picture before us, all is quaint and artificial from the ladies to their lap-dogs. The architecture has a touch of the fantastic—the ancient statues,

“ Women to the waist and fair,”

are placed there as a foil to the flounced and furbelowed madames, who, laced, and pinned and puckered from head to heel, are gazing at the self-complacent movements of their gracious sovereign.

Anthony Watteau was born at Valenciennes in 1684; a love of art came on him early, but an indifferent instructor marred for a time the bounty of nature, and he studied long before he painted anything worthy of public notice. He quitted his native place, and going to Paris, found subsistence in designing theatrical decorations;—he aided in ornamenting the Opera House, but when that task was done he was left destitute, and only saved himself from absolute starvation by working for picture-dealers. Fortune at length grew weary of persecuting him, he became accidentally acquainted with Claude Gillot, a master in all things grotesque, who took him to his house, revealed the secrets of his profession, and read him a chapter on the world and its ways. Under this new instructor Watteau prospered, he obtained admission to the Gallery of the Luxembourg, took Rubens for his master in colour, and studied with so much success that he soon produced works not only agreeable in conception, but pleasing in light and shade, and harmonious in combination as well as colouring. Professors of painting generally say to their scholars, study the historic: the public, who has a voice in all matters, whispers, paint the domestic. Watteau obeyed the voice of the Academy and failed—he listened to that of the public and succeeded. From Jupiter and Juno, and all the celestials of Olympus, who at that period infested painting as well as poetry, he turned to scenes dear to the hearts of the Parisians, and recorded

“ Who gave the ball, or paid the vast last !”

and found men to purchase as well as praise. In painting court conversations—balls, given half under cover and half in open air—masquerades, among trees hung with dazzling lights and artificial garlands—pastoral scenes, where ladies dragged their embroidered trains by the side of artificial fountains and pieces of prepared water he excelled.

His health sunk under incessant application, and in 1720 he came to London to consult the eminent Dr. Mead, who advised him to study less and amuse himself more, and in order to keep him from sinking into poverty, for Watteau was never rich, he commissioned from him a couple of pictures, leaving the subjects to his own taste. Change of air, or rather change of scene, made him look up a little, he felt however that “ death was with him dealing;” and, returning to Paris, sickened and died in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He left behind him many

drawings in red and black chalk, a few etchings, and a fame which will not soon suffer an eclipse in France.

"Watteau," says Pilkington, "made the colouring of Rubens and Vandvke always his model. He was indefatigable in designing; never permitting his pencil to be unemployed, as may be readily conjectured from the great quantity of works which he sketched and finished. His subjects are generally comic conversations, the marchings, haltings, or encampments of armies, landscapes, and grotesques—all which he finished with a free flowing pencil, a pleasing tone of colour, a neat and spirited touch, and they are also correctly designed. The figures which he introduces in his compositions, in whatever character he designs them, have a peculiar grace in the arcs of the heads, and somewhat becoming in their attitudes; their actions are easy and natural, and they are always agreeably and skillfully disposed. The colouring of his landscapes is lively; but though his trees are touched with freedom, they have a nearer resemblance to those of the Tuilleries than of natural scenery."

He has had few followers in this country, what was natural to him was unnatural to his imitators, the fashions, both of dress and of all else in the days of Louis the Fourteenth are changed and gone; they seem strange and stiff in our eyes, and when we see them introduced in a picture we cease to be a spectator. Stothard alone, in his small festive pictures, has employed a costume which may be said to suit all ages—it is at once neat, simple and elegant; the flesh and blood of his scenes are not hidden under forty yards of puckered silk; the women get the better of their dresses, but then Stothard was a poet, not a tireman. Newton sometimes deviated from nature into the fantastic style, and others might be named who allowed themselves to be charmed too much with the gaudiness of a fashion which belonged to other times. Nature is ever right and cannot be changed; fashion is ever changing, and fame, depending upon it, will change also.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH BEFORE HARFLEUR

R. WESTALL.

It would be impossible, we think, to choose a finer series of scenes for fresco painting than are brought before us in the Historical Plays of Shakespeare. In the rapid succession of events, and in the ever shifting pageantry of court, and camp, and battle-field, there is a wide scope for sumptuous and picturesque composition, while the exhibition of human nature in its endless diversity, from the mean to the heroic, may well task the noblest powers of the painter. They have accordingly formed a favourite field for the pencil of our British artists, who have attempted every class of subject they embrace, from the humours of Falstaff and his associates, to the terrible death-bed scene of Cardinal Beaufort. The work before us represents a scene in the siege of Harfleur, in the play of King Henry the Fifth. The imagination of the poet hurries us

“With motion of no less celerity than that of thought,”

through the stirring events of the siege. We first see

“The well-appointed king at Hampton-per
Embark his royalty and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Marches stirring
Play with our fancies, and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship boys clanking
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confused: behold the thund'ring sails
Come with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O do not think
You stand upon the firm and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing.
For so appears this fleet majestical
Holding due course to Harfleur.”

The attack has begun, we are next before the crumbling walls of Harfleur, and see the heroic king urging forward his repulsed soldiers

“Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more
Or close the wall up with our English dead.”

Southampton, where the ancient walls and gate still remain.



The city is soon unable to hold out, and we next hear the king summon it to surrender, the scene represented in the engraving.

"How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the latest parle we will admit;
 Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;
 Or, like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst: for as I am a soldier,
 (A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)
 If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
 Till in her ashes she be buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all about us;
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
 With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass,
 Your fresh fair virgins and your flowering infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in plumes, like to the prince of fiends,—
 Do, with his smutch'd complexion, all fill souls,
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What ruin can I hold of such wickedness,
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
 As send precepts to the Leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,
 Whilst yet my soldiers are in my command;
 Whilst yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of deadly murder, spoil, and villainy."

The painter has produced a pleasing composition; the king, attended by a herald, is seen addressing the townsmen on the walls. Considerable effect arises from the arrangement of the armour, and other accessories. This is a very fair specimen of the works of the artist, R. Westall, so familiar to the admirers of illustrated editions of our literature.



enjoins tenderness and mercy to all living things. The work too is in its nature typical, and it is evidently in this sense that the Virgin mother takes it; she is pointing it out to the child at her bosom, and though Joseph, an ordinary person, is looking upon it perhaps as an ordinary matter, it has for the other actors a mystic meaning. Such is the way in which we interpret the picture, and we are borne out in our view by the character of the painter, who was a devout man, and has never been reproached save in this instance with "unbecoming levity" in things holy.

Frederick Baroccio was born at Urbino in the year 1528; he was allied by blood to a race of artists: his studies and parentage united him with the Roman school, and he was taught perspective by his uncle Bartolomeo Genga; but he derived his knowledge chiefly, it is said, from Batista Franco, a Venetian by birth, and a Florentine in style. In his twentieth year he went to Rome, where he was so struck with the grandeur of the works of Michael Angelo, that he was not satisfied till he had copied all his statues and paintings in Florence as well as in the capital. Nor did he neglect the antique; but his admiration of outline and expression induced him too much to disregard colouring, and when he sought to master this in after life, his roseate hues harmonized indifferently with his severe and forcible drawing. "In Rome he may be seen," says Lanzi, "in some evangelical subjects painted in fresco in a chapel in the Minerva, and preferred by Vasari to any other of his works. He also decorated the choir of the metropolitan church of Urbino in fresco, and there left a Madonna in oil, placed between St. Peter and St. Paul, in the best Florentine style, except that the latter figure is rather attenuated. There is a grand picture in oil by him in the tribune of St. Venanzio in Fabriano, containing the Virgin, with the titular and two other protecting saints. In the sacristy of the cathedral of Osimo, I saw many small pictures representing the life of Christ, painted by him in the year 1547, as we learn from the archives of that church."

Baroccio became eminent, lived to an old age, and founded a school which had many scholars. He was distinguished both for history and portrait, and like other great artists, did not hesitate when he found a living face full of expression and beauty to introduce it into his historic pictures. Like our own Wilkie, he rarely painted any figure without first satisfying himself in a small model, a practice common to mostly all the great artists, including Raphael.

The life of Baroccio was written at some length by Bellori, from which we gather that his pencil delighted most in religious subjects: the portraits which he painted are few, and his works on profane story few and numerous. His Burning of Troy, in two pictures, adorns the Borghese Gallery. He died in 1612, aged 84, leaving behind him a high name for productions of a devout and tender character; his *Repose in Egypt* resembles in some degree the "*Madonna del Gatto*," Joseph is plucking wild cherries for the infant Saviour—a natural if not a lotty action.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

PETERS.

THE "Merry Wives of Windsor," with the first and second part of Henry the Fourth, have afforded rich materials for a class of pictures suited to the peculiar taste of the English, in which the domestic habits and home scenery of the country, the humour and hospitality which are the characteristics of the people, are depicted vividly for their amusement. What a scene of "old English life" is brought before us in this play, and how perfectly home-bred are all the characters! How picturesque the age in which they lived, in its old towns of timber-built houses, with their ornamented gables; their porches with seats, and their latticed windows—and then the costume—how inviting to the pencil! The very soul of these plays, "honest Jack Falstaff," is in himself a host; his adventures have furnished endless subjects, and are yet inexhaustible. In the laughter-moving picture before us, he is but indirectly brought in. Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford are just comparing notes, and the treachery of poor Jack is brought to light. The painter has well caught the buxom comely character of the "merry wives," in their peaked hats and stomachers, and their gay and coquetish profusion of lace and satin, and high-heeled shoes, fashioned after the court-ladies, for we must remember that Windsor was in those days also the abode of royalty. But we must quote the scene.

Mrs. FORD.—Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. PAGE.—And, trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. FORD.—Nay, I'll ne'er believe that, I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. PAGE.—Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. FORD.—Well I do, then: yet I say I could show you to the contrary! O mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. PAGE.—What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. FORD.—O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

..... here, read, read, perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking . . . Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. PAGE.—Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition



Alas, poor Jack ! his "fat" is not the only offence now—he has piqued the two women, and the consequence is the sharpening of their malicious powers of invention, to which his future disasters are attributable. The painter has well entered into the scene—the mingled vexation and amusement of Mrs. Ford, as she finds out the treachery of the "greasy knight," and the archness of Mrs. Page, as she points to the duplicate love-letter, are inimitably represented.

There is much beauty of execution in this gay and animated picture, the texture of the different parts of the dress very well expressed, and the back-ground of the latticed window and honey-suckle of Page's house, with Windsor Castle in the distance, add very much to the completeness of the whole composition.

GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

CANALETTO.

VENICE has sat so often to our limners of late that we are almost weary of looking on her loveliness; we are familiar with the Bridge of Sighs; we have been rated on the Rialto; we have sailed up her canals in a gondola, amid the music of many flutes, and, finally, we have looked on her when, with banners spread and her people rejoicing, she was shown by Turner floating amid the Adriatic like a city gone to sea. Of all those, and they are many, who have painted this "Sea Wonder" of the poet, no one has come up to Canaletto for perfect truth and decided reality: he was a native of Venice: he was familiar with all her palaces, arsenals, and canals; he had looked on her by the sun and by the moon, and her perfect ^{beauty} was impressed on his mind as legibly as a seal is on the melted wax. In ^{this} he has excelled all other artists, and in this chiefly; for most of his pictures ^{are} that aerial splendour with which artists of imagination know how to invest their temples and towers. To ensure accuracy of delineation he employed the camera-lucida, laid down the chief lines and leading features, and then throwing aside the instrument, touched the whole into elegance and beauty with the pencil. His buildings have a rich and glossy look, as if they were raised of polished marble, and his water has the natural gleam of the element, a demure sea-green, with a light glimmering below the surface. The picture from which our engraving is taken belongs to the collection of Lord Farnborough.

The works of Canaletto are numerous among us: he was born at Venice in the year 1697, and as his father Bernardo painted scenes for the theatres, he was early initiated into the details of perspective, and the mysteries of colour, and acquired that wondrous facility of hand for which all his biographers have praised him. He grew weary of dashing in cascades, and ruined towers, and hermitages, and scenes of Tophet or Elysium for the playhouse, and made his escape to Rome, where he drew from nature—and the nature round the Eternal City is lovely—and studied ancient ruins, of which he found but too many in the town and neighbourhood. Having acquired the necessary science and skill, he returned to Venice and took many views of that city—views which nature and art united to render magnificent. Others, however, he copied with the utmost nicety from the scene before him, which make them acceptable to men who have not been so fortunate as to look upon the Queen of the Adriatic: it is chiefly through pictures of this latter class that Canaletto is known in England. By the advice of Anucona he came to London, remained with us for two years, and painted a

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Canaletto seems to have found favour in the eyes of Lanzi, for he dedicates two entire pages to his history and works. "He composed," says the historian of Italian art, "a great number of inventive pieces, forming a graceful union of the modern and the antique—of truth and of fancy together. Several of these he produced for Algarotti; but the most novel and instructive of any, as it seems to me, is the picture in which the grand bridge of Rialto, designed by Palladio, instead of that which at present is seen, overlooks the great canal, crowned beyond with the cathedral of Vicenza and the Palazzo Chiericato, Palladio's own works, along with other choice edifices, disposed according to the taste of that learned writer, who has so much contributed to improve that of all Italy, and even beyond Italy itself. For the greater correctness of his perspectives Canaletto made use of the optic camera, though he obviated its defects, especially in the tints of the air. The first indeed to point out the real use of it, he limited it only to what was calculated to afford pleasure. He aimed at producing great effect, and in this partakes somewhat of Tiepolo, who occasionally introduced figures into his pieces for him. In whatever he employs his pencil, whether buildings, water, clouds, or figures, he never fails to impress them with a vigorous character, always viewing objects in their most favourable aspect. When he avails himself of certain pictorial licence he does it with caution, and in such a way that the generality of spectators consider it quite natural, while true judges only are sensible of its art—an art which he possessed in a very eminent degree."

This is to look at the genius of Canaletto through the medium of one class of his pictures, and there is no question but something like the drawings of imagination may be observed even in his most literal copies. It says little, we fear, for the taste of this country, that his Venetian fac-similes have been chiefly in request—scenes which our travellers considered as beautiful they desired to bring with them, in order to travel all their travels over again at home, and in this way and no other can we account for the great number of his pictures in England. In all that belongs to the elegant and the accurate Canaletto was a master: he lived to a great age, established something like a school, and instructed his nephew, Bernardo Bellotto, in his system of painting. He has had few followers; the pains which he took alarm all such students as expect to produce landscape by broad masses of colour and sudden bursts of light and darkness; those who can only copy nature must copy her exactly, for the moment they forsake her they fail: those who have true imagination may do as they like, for in their hands the wildest flights are united to truth and nature by the spell which genius throws over all her works. Canaletto lived in Venice after he returned from England, and died there, in the year 1768.

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THE NATIVITY.

PAUL VERONESE.

PAUL VERONESE belongs to the second epoch of the Venetian school, and is one of those great artists whose genius was chiefly dedicated to the church: his imagination was equal to the sublimest flights of revealed religion, and his fine skill of hand did justice to the dignity of his conceptions. He was born at Verona in the year 1532; he studied first under his father, who was a sculptor of some note; and secondly, under Antonio Badile, his uncle: from the former he acquired a statue-like accuracy of outline, and from the latter a knowledge of colours: but he owed himself most indebted to Titian, whose matchless light and shade he tried in vain to equal. At that time the students of Verona copied with the most scrupulous fidelity whatever was beautiful in things external; they surpassed all other artists in delineating architecture, dresses, ornaments, the splendour of courts, and the luxuries of princes: sentiment was still wanting; Paul observed this, and it is to his honour that he set about adding a spirit and a mind to the picturesque, and to the dishonour of his townsmen that they not only shut their eyes to his merits, but neglected him so much that he was compelled by poverty to quit his native place, after having in the opinion of all, save the people of Verona, not only vanquished the Mantuan painters in a strife of skill, but left upon an altar at San Formo, a Madonna between two Saints, of such exquisite beauty as many reckoned matchless.

He first went to Vicenza, and then shaped his course to Venice. There he found so much of the magnificent and vast that his genius had room to range: the all but floating city, and the splendour of the palaces and arsenals first caught his attention: the fine remains of ancient sculpture too afforded him better opportunities of studying the science of beauty than he enjoyed under his father, while the pictures of Titian and Tintoretto furnished such examples of composition and colour as would have daunted any mind save one of a high order. At first it is said his attempts were timid, both as regards attitude and handling: but as his confidence strengthened his freedom increased, and the story of Esther, which he painted for the church of S. Sebastiano exhibited such powers that the Venetian Senate honoured him with several commissions. A visit to Rome raised his imagination still higher: as he rose he with his own wings lengthening: on returning to Venice he gave proofs of his expanding powers in the Palazzo Pubblico.



So much was he incensed with the slight put upon him in his native city, that he neither went back nor corresponded with any one save his own relations. His pride was equal to his other powers: he desired to touch nothing but the loftiest themes; and if required to paint in company with Tintoretto, or some other eminent artist, he liked it all the better, for at once giving way to the impulse of imagination, he produced such astonishing compositions as excited the wonder of Tintoretto himself—one of the most eminent masters of the Venetian school. The Procurators of St. Mark proposed a premium of a massy gold chain for the best picture, painted by Guiseppe Salviati, Battista Franco, Schiavone, Ziloti, Frascina, and Paul Veronese: the judges were competent ones—Titian and Sansovino; they awarded the prize to Paul, and to show his sense of the honour, he usually wore the chain about his neck. Figures seated round a table, in conversation or study, formed a favourite subject: he painted no less than four large pictures of suppers, from Scripture, and many small ones, all of wonderful beauty and effect. The first, the Marriage of Cana, preserved at San Giorgio Maggiore exhibits one hundred and thirty figures, among which are many portraits of princes and other eminent men who lived in his day. It was painted for the moderate sum of ninety ducats: the second represents the supper prepared by St. Matthew for Christ: it is widely admired for its fine thoughtful heads, and is in good preservation. The third is the Feast of Simon, and is placed at San Sebastiano; the heads are numerous and noble. The fourth was presented to Louis the Fourteenth, and deposited at Versailles—it is preferred by the Venetian artists to all the rest: numerous copies were made of it and circulated over Europe.

Paul Veronese no doubt merits much of the praise he has obtained, but we cannot help feeling that he is too desirous of substituting action of body for power of mind—too fond, in short, of picturesque effect, to which he scrupled not to sacrifice much of the nature for which he has been extolled. The picture before us is no doubt beautiful and impressed with a solemn grandeur of character, suitable to the subject: but we are of opinion that the postures are too theatrical, and the accessories too numerous. The head of the Virgin is a fine one, that of Joseph finer still: nor is the rude shed leaning against—perhaps a ruined palace—without its beauty and its meaning. The original picture is in the collection of the Earl of Aberdeen.

This great painter lived to the age of sixty. His works are numerous, though many pictures bear the impress of his name which were never touched by his pencil. His chief pleasure was in decorating cathedrals and palaces, for he was a lover of glory; he was remarkable for the loveliness of his conceptions and the harmony of his tints; his execution was rapid and decisive: he achieved something at every touch: he sometimes wants delicacy, and is cumbersome amid his magnificence. His sense of perspective was fine, and his knowledge of character extensive. His Apotheosis of Venice encouraged succeeding painters to crowd our walls and ceilings with Allegories, at once obscure and absurd.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

PETERS.

THIS is a very charming composition, superior we think to that by the same painter from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which has already enriched our work. It is airy, graceful, and delicate, and it is impossible to look on it without catching something of the spirit of the delicious comedy from which it is taken. The scene is laid in the garden of Leonato, whose daughter, Hero has just been betrothed to Claudio; and to add to the triumphs of Hymen, a plot has been laid "to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other." The fair betrothed sends her waiting-woman to tell the disdainful Beatrice that her cousin and Ursula are conversing about her, and

"Did her steal into the pleas'd bower,
Where honeyuckles, epeped by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter,"

where she may, unobserved, overhear the whole of their discourse. The plot is then disclosed.

"Hers.—Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
And we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick;
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin—

Enter BEATRICE behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

URS.—The pleasantest arguing is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ears the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

PETERS.

THIS is a very charming composition, superior we think to that by the same painter from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which has already enriched our work. It is airy, graceful, and delicate, and it is impossible to look on it without catching something of the spirit of the delicious comedy from which it is taken. The scene is laid in the garden of Leonato, whose daughter, Hero has just been betrothed to Claudio; and to add to the triumph of Hymen, a plot has been laid "to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of assertion, the one with the other." The fair betrothed sends her waiting-woman to tell the disdainful Beatrice that her cousin and Ursula are conversing about her, and

"Did her steal into the pleas'd tower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter,"

where she may, unobserved, overhear the whole of their discourse. The plot is then disclosed.

"HERO.—Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
And we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick;
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit;
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin—

Enter BEATRICE behind

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference

URS.—The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous baits;
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.





CHRIST PRAYING IN THE GARDEN.

ANTONIO CORREGGIO.

THE great merit of Correggio has been long felt in this country. "His manner," says Reynolds, "is in direct opposition to what is called the hard and dry manner which preceded him. His colour and his mode of finishing approach nearer to perfection than those of any other painter: the gliding motion of his outline and the sweetness with which it melts into the ground; the cleanness and transparency of his colouring, which stop at that exact medium in which the purity and perfection of taste lies, leave nothing to be wished for." His picture of Christ Praying in the Garden more than confirms the character drawn with equal brevity and skill by Sir Joshua.

It is easy to say what the picture contains, but who can describe its effect? The morning is brightening on the hills and trees, a dewy freshness is visibly in the air and on the ground; but the supernatural radiance beaming from the person of our Saviour, subdues the light of nature and fills the mind with awe. He is kneeling in the midst of this glory, attended by a ministering angel; the pathos and divine resignation of his looks, with the mingled compassion and veneration in the face of his celestial visitor, seem to unite in saying, "The will of God be done." The three attendant Apostles are slumbering on the ground, while in the distance a mob of armed Jews are seen hurrying to seize Jesus. We are aware that Hazlitt, for whose taste we have much respect, speaks sneeringly of this picture; but he bent the shafts of his satire against the one now in the National Gallery, which is known to be a copy: had he seen the wondrous original captured by Wellington at Vittoria, his scorn would have risen into admiration. "The size is small, some fifteen inches square or so: but true genius can work miracles in little compass. The central light of the picture is altogether heavenly: we never saw any thing so insufferably brilliant; it haunted us round the room at Apsley House, and fairly extinguished the light of all its companion pictures. Joseph Buonaparte—not only a good king but a good judge of painting—had this exquisite picture in his carriage when the tide of battle turned against him: it was transferred to the collection of the conqueror.

The family name of this illustrious painter was Allegri or Leti; he was baptized Antonio, and when his fame began to rise, men called him Correggio, from the place of his birth: as this happened to several other eminent artists, it cannot be



regarded as either strange or uncommon. The obscurity of his parentage is admitted by all his biographers: his father, if we may put any faith in eulogatory rhyme, was a peasant, and the education which he bestowed on his son amounted merely to reading and writing; but even this, for a youth born in the year 1490, must be regarded as respectable. We have no account of his early life that can be trusted; all seems conjecture and contradiction: how a love of art dawned upon him we are not told; his master has not been named, nor the place where he studied: all agree, however, that he became eminent while yet very young, and that neither the classical productions of ancient Greece and Rome, nor the works of the schools of his native land, had any share in the inspiration which appeared in his pictures. Nature was his guide, not nature humble and mean, but nature attired in grace and beauty, touched with heavenly light, and breathing sentiments akin to all that man reckons divine. He was possessed with what is lovely, even to excess: critics, who were unable to discover such charms on the earth, ventured to call the smiles and graces of his virgin saints unnatural, others termed them seductive; but all agreed in admiring him.

His merits were early appreciated in his native place, and he was largely employed by the nobles of Parma, as well as by the church, in painting scripture subjects, and mimes and legends. His native district, however, bears the reproach of giving the painter such humble prices, that he was unable to escape from dependence and poverty; and to this is attributed his want of skill in scientific drawing, which a visit to Rome might have cured. The inquiries of Lanzi have thrown some light on this part of Correggio's story; it is now ascertained that he was paid four hundred and seventy-two gold ducats, or Venetian zecchini, for painting the cupola and larger nave of the church of San Gioranni, and for the cupola of the cathedral, two hundred and fifty, considerable sums in those days, but then this was for the labour of ten years. We are not informed what smaller works he sent from his easel during that period. His conception was quick and his execution slow: he wrought six months on his San Girolamo, and his payment was his subsistence during that period, and forty-seven gold ducats; he received forty gold ducats too for his celebrated picture of Night. It is probable that he painted some of his commissions by the day—the broken sums seem to render this supposition likely—while for such works as he produced on what is called speculation, he received round sums: be that as it may, after deducting the expense of colours, of models and assistants, including the maintenance of a wife and children, the prices which he received were not such as to render him affluent, though one or two writers affirm that he became a miser in his latter days, and hoarded money.

The works which he produced are numerous, and mostly all of the highest excellence. He spared neither time nor expense in the richest and rarest colours to render his pictures worthy of the world's applause. "There is not a single specimen," says Lanzi, "whether executed on copper, on panels, or on canvas,

always sufficiently choice, that does not display a profusion of materials, of ultramarine, the finest lake and green, with a strong body and repeated re-touches, yet for the most part laid on without ever removing his hand from the easel before the work was completed. Such liberality calculated to do honour to a rich amateur painting for amusement, is infinitely more commendable in an artist of such circumscribed resources. It displays, in my opinion, all the grandeur of character that was supposed to animate the breast of a Spartan. And this we would advance, no less in reply to Vasari, who cast undue reflections upon Correggio's economy, than as an example for such young artists as may be desirous of nourishing sentiments worthy of the noble profession which they embrace." His knowledge in colours seems to have been great; it is true that to his skill in laying them on, much of their splendour must be imputed, but we are not sure that Correggio, with all his mastery, could have wrought such miracles of light and shade with the colder colours of these our later days. The composition of colours was in his time part of the genius of the art; a painter made his own, and delighted in perceiving, as this great artist did, that in this he could be original, as well as in composition. Colour making is now a trade, and the splendour of our painting has suffered.

To ascertain how the great Italian painters produced this wondrous brilliancy of colouring, was a favourite study of Reynolds; he made experiments on their pictures, and believed that he had at last mastered the secret: in like manner professors abroad have gone to work with Correggio. A painter who was employed to restore one of his pictures, proceeded first to analyze the mode of colouring. "Upon the chalk," he said, "the artist appeared to have laid a surface of prepared oil, which then received a thick mixture of colours, in which the ingredients were two thirds of oil and one of varnish; that the colours seemed to have been very choice, and particularly purified from all kinds of salts, which in progress of time eat and destroy the picture, and that the practice of prepared oil must have greatly contributed to this purification, by absorbing the saline particles." It was moreover his opinion that Correggio adopted the method of heating his pictures, either in the sun or at the fire, in order that the colours might become, as it were, interfused and equalised in such a way as to produce the effect of having been poured, rather than laid on. Of that lucid appearance which though so beautiful does not reflect objects, and of the solidity of the surface, equal to the Greek pictures, he remarks "that it must have been obtained by some strong varnish unknown to the Flemish painters themselves, who prepared it of equal clearness and liveliness, but not of equal strength." There is no doubt that Correggio possessed knowledge in colour which he kept to himself while he lived, and allowed to perish with him; our own Wilson fancied that the mystery of his colouring lay not in his genius, and Reynolds revealed all things to his pupils, save the secret of preparing his paints.

Some of his chief works are widely scattered. The famous *Notte*, or rather



DEATH OF CHATHAM.

COPLEY.

THE scene of this picture reminds us of the brightest names in English history; here our greatest princes presided, our ablest orators harangued, and our wisest judges sat in judgment: before us is the throne of our Edwards and our Henry's, on either side are represented the naval triumphs of our Howards, our Drake, and Raleighs, while the Thames flows closely past, unchanged in breadth and beauty where all else is changed. Nor has the artist relied for success on such associations alone—he has chosen a momentous period of our annals, brought the most eminent of our statesmen upon the scene, and shown him dying at the close of that brilliant harangue in which he warned Britain against the crime of shedding the blood of her children. Perhaps in the choice of subject the painter's thoughts wandered to his own native America; at all events, he obtained the praise of the illustrious Washington. "This work," said he, "highly valuable in itself, is rendered more estimable in my eye when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist who produced it." Nor is it uninteresting to reflect, that the son of the painter has in our own day filled the seat of Lord High Chancellor with honour to himself and advantage to his country.

The death of Lord Chatham made a deep impression on the public mind—something of a superstitious fear came upon many people; they heard in his last speech a prophetic admonition to Britain, and looked on his fate as an omen to be explained in blood. He had risen to reply to those who dissented from his opening speech, 7th April, 1778, when his voice faltered, a tremor came upon him, he fell back in a faint, and was conveyed to his own house, where he languished and died. To embody this moving scene was the task which Copley undertook—that he has not succeeded no one can say; there is, perhaps, no other picture extant containing such a multitude of portraits, where one deep and absorbing interest is impressed on almost all faces. Some, indeed, must bear the reproach of carelessness or inattention, and it is more than likely that, among the spectators, one or two might look on without emotion. There is an earnestness stamped on the performance which gives additional effect to the portraiture. The painter has told the story of Chatham's death much in the same way that it happened; he is thrown back on the benches; the Duke of Cumberland supports his left side, Lord Mahon is at his feet, whilst his relatives hasten to afford their

ineffectual aid. Near him is the Duke of Portland, with Shelburne and Temple, and there is considerable bustle on the woolsack, and among the bench of bishops. Though Copley exhibits the divines more under the influence of reason and religion than to be much excited at the departure of a fellow-worm, he thought it was necessary that they should do something; he accordingly makes the Bishop of Peterborough slap his breast, and Markham, Archbishop of York, whisper in the ear of Chief Baron Skinner a text probably of resignation and submission. On the right, in the foreground, are Richmond, Rockingham, Spencer, Fitzwilliam, and Besborough; beside the woolsack, Bathurst and Mansfield, and behind it, Thurlow and Wedderburn; while moving towards the dying Earl come Dudley and Ward, Dartmouth, Amherst, Sandwich, and Gower. The whole has been painted with what artists call a firm pencil; the drawing has been praised, so has the grouping, nor is the light and shade without merit. The chief fault is the too literal likenesses of the characters.

We consider that this work occupies a middle place between mere portrait and historical painting. It is a succession of portraits put into motion, and endowed with sentiment—or in other words, an accurate representation of the actual event, the postures and employments of the actors, modified according to the taste and judgment of the artist. Now, some painters consider this work to be truly historic: they say, Can history be better enacted than by the real persons who live in it? Our answer is, that all the best historical pictures are conceived in another way, and executed on a different principle. It is true that some of the persons who distinguish themselves in history are both in shape and look sufficiently disguised for the highest purposes of art, but this cannot be said of the three-fourths of mankind. True historic painting is true heroic or poetic painting. The eye must be pleased as well as the mind; it tolerates nothing that is not noble in shape: a warrior on the field of battle may be diminutive, nay, misshapen, for having the spirit of a hero is enough for the working day; but without the port and proportions of the hero he is unsuitable for historic painting. A misshapen statue is not, let its looks be what they may, of the heroic class; there must be poetry, there must be science, and there must be geometrical combination, else, we shall have a work literal, and like, and common, but not such as elevates our minds and excites noble sentiments. We have always considered that one sentence in the Defence of Poesie is well worth all Fusch's Lecture on the Ideal. Sir Philip Sidney, in speaking of different classes of poets, "whether they be poets or no," says he, "let grammarians dispute, and let us go to the right poets of whom chiefly this question ariseth, betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colours upon you which is fittest for the eyes to see, as the constant, though lamenting, look of Lucretia, when she punished in herself another's fault; wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue."

Of John Singleton Copley the little that is known may be found in *The Lives of the British Painters*. He stands high in the second rank of our artists, and has left works which the world seems willing to remember. He was of British parents, and born at Boston in America, 3d July, 1737. At an early age a love of art came on him; he had neither models nor instructors, but the best education is that which genius gives to itself. He began to paint portraits and domestic groups, and on sending them to the London exhibition they were both noticed and praised. A painting of a boy and squirrel established his fame: it was remarkable for its nature and truth, and a vivid depth of colour. In 1767 he came to England; he had sounded West, and corresponded with Captain Bruce about his chance of success in London; their cold answers did not daunt him, he made the venture for himself, and succeeded. He became a member of the Royal Academy, and painted a series of national works, of which the *Death of Major Pierson*, a young hero, who fell in repulsing the French from Jersey, and the *Death of Chatham* were the best. He lived till he was seventy-eight years old, nor did he lay aside the pencil till admonished by the success of some of his more youthful brethren. His outlines were reckoned correct, his conceptions natural, and his early colouring deep and harmonious. He has been accused of a certain coldness of fancy: a companion of his has represented him as difficult to please, and snappish in conversation; but this might be said of the best natured, were their impatient sallies noted down. The *Death of Chatham* is ten feet long, and seven feet six inches high: the painter refused fifteen hundred guineas for it; it was purchased, we know not at what price, by the late Earl of Liverpool, who used to say that such a work ought not to be in his possession, but in that of the public: these words were not heard in vain by the present Earl, who munificently presented it to the National Gallery.

RETURNING HOME.

BOTH.

THE name of Both is connected with many pictures representing sunny skies, verdant hills, pleasant vales, quiet lakes, with winding and flowery ways, and travellers on foot and on horseback. These landscapes are generally in high estimation with men of taste: good judges, who look at art through nature, say, that on these paintings the time of the day and the season of the year are impressed; that the trees are limned each after its kind, and that all is individual rather than general. Nor will artists be silent—"To John Both, they will likely say, we owe these fine trees, these garlanded rocks, sunbright hills, and sleeping lakes, and we recognize in these stubborn asses and molish travellers the hand of his brother Andrew; one aided the other, they did little separate, nay, in their very lives they have been confounded, and the story of their works must be told like that of Beaumont and Fletcher."

It is even so with the two brothers; biographers own to the difficulty of distinguishing their works, or disentangling the puzzled skein of their lives, and tell the story of two in one, much to the confusion of all those who love clear and consistent narratives. John was born at Utrecht in the year 1610: the birth-day of Andrew has not been mentioned, but both studied painting under Abraham Bloemart, and both travelled together to Rome, and taking Claude Lorraine for a master, united in producing pictures of very peculiar beauty. John devoted himself to the landscape department of the picture; "the warmth of his skies, the judicious and regular receding of the objects, and the sweetness of his distances, afford the eye a degree of pleasure superior to what we feel in viewing the works of almost any other artist." When the elder completed his portion of the work the younger took it up and introduced figures—moving groups, with so much taste and skill, that the whole picture seemed the work of one master.

"The works of these brothers," says Pilkington, "are justly admired throughout all Europe, are universally sought for, and purchased at large prices. Most of their pictures are for size between two and five feet long; and in the smaller ones there is exquisite neatness. They generally express the sunny light of morning, breaking out from behind woods, hills, or mountains, and diffusing a warm glow over the skies, trees, and the whole face of nature: or else a sun-set, with a lovely tinge in the clouds, every object beautifully partaking of a proper



Fig. 1. In N. I. 17

degree of natural illumination. By some connoisseurs John Both is censured for having too much of the tawny in his colouring, and that the leafing of his trees is too yellow, approaching to saffron: but this is not a general fault in his pictures, and though some perhaps may be accidentally liable to that criticism, he corrected the error; besides, many of his pictures are not more tinged with those colours than the truth and beauty of nature will justify; and his colouring obtained for him the distinction which he still possesses of being called Both of Italy." The picture before us has such merit as maintains the high opinion and sensible criticism of Pilkington; it is in the collection of Charles Heusch, Esq.

Though John is called the "Both of Italy," his name has not yet found its way into the lists of artists of that country; most of his pictures were, however, the offspring of Rome, and some of them, by the classic sentiment which they assumed, intimate that he was touched with the ancient spirit of the land. Critics speak of one of John Both's pictures, six feet high, which was esteemed his masterpiece. The figures are half-size, and the subject represented that of Mercury and Argus. "The back part," says Houbraken, "is exceedingly clear, the verdure true nature, and the whole admirably handled. The two brothers mutually assisted each other, till the unfortunate death of John, in 1650, when Andrew left Italy, and settled at his native place, where he painted portraits and landscapes in the manner of his brother, and conversations with players at cards, in the style of Bamboccio. Both these masters had extraordinary readiness of hand and a free light sweet pencil. Andrew was so much affected by the death of his brother, that he survived him but a few years, dying in 1656."

Though Houbraken was a careful inquirer, his account has not been followed implicitly by biographers. Descamps asserts that Andrew was drowned in the canal at Venice; others say that this fate befel John in the Tiber; while a third party make the elder brother return to his native Utrecht, and end his days in peace.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

E. SMIRKE, R.A.

THE works of Smirke are characterised by broad humour, picturesque grouping, and fine management of light and shade, qualities which are very conspicuous in the composition before us. The scene is laid in the induction of the 'Taming of the Shrew.' Honest Christopher Sly, the tinker, is found drunk and asleep on the ground, by a nobleman returning from the chase. He resolves to carry him to his palace, and persuade him, on his awaking, that he is a lord.

The painter has entered into "the humour of it" with infinite talent. We have the honest tinker invested in lordly robes, his brain just mounting on the fumes of a *double intoxication*, into the persuasion of the reality of his wondrous metamorphosis.

Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pet o' the smallest ale.

The figure of the nobleman is admirable, the expression of seriousness thrown into his features, and the earnest manner in which he is carrying on the joke, may well justify the poor tinker's mystification. The figures of the other servants are very well grouped, and the humour of the scene reigns in the countenances of all; the old servant bearing the hat and feathers is a capital study. Of all the subjects from Shakespeare we have given in our collection, this is by far the most effective in point of grouping, and light and shade; there is a breadth and richness about it, showing the great resources of the painter; the background of curtains and pillars, and the splendid furniture and decorations of the lordly abode are not only well composed, but in exact accordance with the description of the play. In short, there are few pictures which are more creditable to our English school of painters, than the one of which we here present our subscribers with an admirable engraving.



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

VAN RYN REMBRANDT.

POEMS lose something of their peculiar excellence in the hands of the most accomplished translators: the same may be said of pictures—the most skilful engravers cannot well reproduce them without an abatement of their beauty. This is true of the works of Rembrandt: the vivid force of his light and shade, and the pith and originality of his characters, conceal defects in proportion or detail, which become visible when the charm of his colouring is withdrawn.—Though the glory of the colouring is eclipsed, expression belongs as much to the graver as to the pencil; and this will ever maintain, even in prints, the fame of Rembrandt: for though not without equals, few or none have surpassed him in impressing mind upon his productions. We are not sure that he is popular in England: his boldness and happy extravagance alarm the timid, and dispose those with souls spell-bound by the prophecies of art, to talk of him rather as a meteor of painting, than a fixed light.

Rembrandt was born in a little village near Leyden, in the year 1606; his father was a miller, and the young artist is imagined to have taken the hint of his singular light and shade from the sunshine streaming through the mill-wickets among the moving and dusty machinery; others ascribe his love of strong contrasts to his studies under Jacob Pinas, whose works had a touch of the extravagant, and through that recommended themselves to young and uncultivated minds. How a love of art came upon him no one has told us. We are not, however, left in the dark respecting his change of name; the church baptized him Gerretsz: but as he spent most of his youth on the banks of the Rhine; the world, when he began to be distinguished, called him Van Ryn, and by that name he is now known wherever art is admired.

Though he studied under several masters, he accepted of them only as guides in mechanical execution; in all other matters he resolved to think for himself. He took nature for his instructress, and in her company roamed on wild sea-shores, caverned glens, ruined towers, and all such scenes as caught his young eye or affected his fancy: nor was he slow in finding suitable inhabitants for his landscapes; his imagination readily peopled them with savage banditti, gloomy saints, and other "cankers of a calm world and a long peace." Though careless about the graceful or the beautiful, he loved the stern and the grand; with a touch of the



"savage Rosa" in his taste he sympathized largely with nature, and enjoyed the ludicrous as well as the solemn, the tender as well as the stern. Yet in all these matters he neither felt nor acted like other artists; he looked on all through the medium of a light, startling though natural, and had colours ready to embody the vivid hues his fancy conceived: whatever he touched rose into light; out of common things he produced striking pictures: give him an old house, a stream of water, and a mill-wheel, and he could work wonders.

For some time his labours were unprofitable. Rembrandt, like other young artists, had to discipline his hand and bring order among the creations of his fancy before he could hope for fame and patrons. A sensible friend, it is said, advised him to quit his country village, and try his fortune at the Hague. He did so; a dealer, a righteous one, offered him a hundred florins for an early picture, the first one he saw. This opened Rembrandt's eyes to his own merit. Purchasers flocked to the studio of an artist whose works bore a new impress of thought upon them, and who had daringly broke through all rules, save those of nature. From the Hague he moved to Amsterdam, where he found his fame already high; all his pictures were purchased at large prices, as fast as he could paint them, and the sons of wealthy men, smit with the double desire of riches and distinction, were eager to be numbered among his pupils. Nor was this eminent man insensible to the advantages of wealth; he was a citizen of a commercial community, where much is weighed in a golden balance. That he exacted one hundred florins a year from each pupil has been ascribed to avarice, but the imputation cannot be sustained on such grounds. He, however, touched up with his own pencil such copies as his pupils made from his works, and sold them—sometimes it is said—as his own, and obtained considerable sums by this adroit management. His income was augmented, too, by what one of his biographers calls the artful way in which he sold his etchings. It is difficult to determine, from such vague expressions, the extent of the painter's culpability. A man of genius should be above all that is sordid; yet he has a right to make as much as he honestly can by his talents. He who paints a picture, and demands a high price for it, may be accused of overrating his abilities—but as he compels no one to purchase it, he cannot be charged with imposing upon the world. Paintings are not the necessities of life, and the highest price they can fetch is, for the time, the right price.

He refused to confine his talents to domestic painting—he tried the historic, and as scripture subjects were mostly in demand, he dashed off, in an inconceivably short time, *Ahasuerus, Esther and Haman, The Woman taken in Adultery* and *St John Preaching in the Wilderness*. Though rapidly done, these pictures are exquisitely finished; but then the finishing of Rembrandt was not accomplished by innumerable and timid touches, by a hand which had acquired mastery in the calling by long practice, and by the confidence which genius and fame confer. His skill in handling a subject was not greater than his perception of human

character. Some of his portraits cease to be external resemblances only; they take their place among the ideal or historic; we never ask the name of the individual as we gaze; we see before us the representative of a passion or of a class, and are content. That his drawing is sometimes out of proportion—that the antique was exhibited before his eyes in vain—that he wanted poetic elevation of thought—and loved what was gross rather than what was elegant—are charges brought against him by critics and biographers; and they may be all answered in a word—his powers of expression and happy vigour of light and shade triumphed over all deficiencies.

Hazlitt felt strongly and expressed happily the merits of Rembrandt. The picture of a Man with a Hawk, in the Grosvenor Gallery, haunted him on his way home. "What is the difference," he asks, "between this idea, which we have brought away with us, and the picture on the wall? Has it lost any of its tone—its ease—its depth? The head turns round in the same graceful moving attitude; the eye carelessly meets ours; the inked beard grows to the chin; the hawk flutters and balances himself on his favourite perch, his master's hand—and a shadow seems passing over the picture, just leaving a light in one corner of it behind, to give a livelier effect to the whole. There is no mark of the pencil, no jagged points or solid masses—it is all air, and twilight might be supposed to have drawn his veil across it. There are no means employed, as far as you can discover; you see nothing but a simple, grand, and natural effect." The pictures of this great master are numerous and of high value; his prints are also plentiful, and bring large prices. He died at Amsterdam, in the year 1674. His memory is charged with love of money, and a fondness for low company. Of his merits as a painter there cannot well be two opinions.

The Adoration of the Magi belongs to the collection of Her Majesty. The subject requires no explanation; it is handled in many parts in the happiest manner of the painter; it also exhibits some of his defects. The unity of the composition is remarkable, but some of the figures are out of proportion, and deficient in dignity.

J A Q U E S.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

THE idea of this landscape is excellent, the painter has delineated an English scene of great beauty, and by the use of a little taste and skill has made it illustrate one of the finest passages in Shakspeare. The landscape was found near Coleorton-Hall, the seat of the Beaumonts of old as well as now; and Sir George had but to add the wounded deer and the melancholy Jaques, to give poetic life to the otherwise inanimate prospect. This is too seldom practised in painting; none of our artists ever think, when they paint a seaport, of exhibiting one of our conquering fleets sailing out to battle, or coming back from victory; nor when they delineate a dale do they ever pour into it bands of armed men, and treat us to a fight during the civil wars; nay, Sherwood Forest with its merry outlaws has been wholly forgotten, though the exploits of Robin Hood and the woods in which he achieved them, if well painted, would no doubt find purchasers. In the scene before us the trees are too massive and overwhelming; but the stream with its two falls broken and interrupted by stones, and the distant country seen through among the crooked stems of the trees are natural and pleasing. The picture measures two feet six inches high, by three feet six inches long, and was presented to the National Gallery by Lady Beaumont.

Of the painter himself much is known to the world, and but little has been written; he was one of the most graceful and accomplished gentlemen of his time, a painter of taste and skill, the friend and the patron of genius, kind, condescending and hospitable. The descent of Sir George Beaumont reached higher than that of most of our nobility, for he was connected by blood with both the lowest rank and the highest genius; among his ancestors he numbered Bohemond Prince of Antioch, the son of Robert Guiscard who shook the throne of Constantinople in the battles of Durazzo and Larissa, and afterwards planted the cross of Christendom on the walls of Jerusalem. His lineage has nearer claims to our regard, and to this Wordsworth alludes in the dedication of his "Several of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own grove upon the classic ground of Coleorton, where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious poets of your name and family, who were born in this neighbourhood, and we may be assured did not wander with indifference by the flowing stream of Grace-Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest



Sir George was the companion of Gainsborough and also of Reynolds; his house in Grosvenor Square was a museum of books and paintings, and there might be found some of the best pictures of both the Italian and English Schools, with some of the first men in the three kingdoms looking at and admiring them. Nor did he hesitate, though of birth and fortune, to claim the merits of a painter for his own landscapes,—he hung up several of his pictures with those of Claude and Wilson, and there were not wanting critics and artists who perceived in them much that was imaginative and picturesque. He displayed the most unwearied solicitude in obtaining a National Gallery, and he held out the bribe of his own splendid collection of pictures as an inducement. This was not without its effect; Lord Liverpool listened with a favourable ear to the subject, but shook his head and hesitated about the expense; the Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Farnborough were moved to aid in the attempt—much was said and little done. When Angerstein died, and there was some dread that his collection would go abroad, Sir George bestirred himself: he thus wrote to Lord Dover; “I would rather see these pictures in the hands of Lord Hertford than have them lost to the country; but I would rather see them in the Museum than in the possession of any individual, however respectable in rank or taste, because taste is not inherited, and there are few families in which it lives for three generations. My idea, therefore, is, that the few examples which remain perfect can never be so safe as under the guardianship of a body which never dies; and I see every year such proofs of the carelessness with which people suffer those inestimable relics to be rubbed, scraped, and polished, as if they were their family plate, that I verily believe, if they do not find some safe asylum, in another half century, little more will be left than the bare canvasses.” His wishes were successful, the collection of Angerstein was bought, a gallery established, nor was it long before his own pictures were united to them. His health and strength of frame promised a life longer than common; his looks were fresh, his step firm, and he had been enjoying the society of some intimate friends, when he was seized with sudden illness at Coleorton Hall and hurried to the grave in a few days. He was mild and gentle in his manners, and his loss has been widely felt among all the children of art.



DOMESTIC HARMONY.

PHILIP VANDYCKE.

THIS fine cabinet picture belongs to the collection of Charles Heusch, Esq.; the sweetness of the composition, the elegance of the handling, and the domestic grace of the expression would make it an ornament to any gallery. In almost all the groups of this painter, individual portraiture has been traced; by this means he rendered his pictures what Lawrence called "half history" pieces: nor did he content himself with likenesses alone; he generally intimated the taste or occupation of his sitters, and thus introduced us to their homes and pursuits. When the names of nameless people were forgotten, the sentiment which they expressed and the graceful employments which he had given to them, made the picture valuable and kept it from the garret and the lumber-room.

No biographer could have told us more of the family before us; had he written a chapter on purpose. His pencil says they were fond of the singing of birds, of the flowering of roses and carnations, of the prosperity of vines, and of the sound of sweet instruments. Even in the construction of their house has the painter set forth the taste of his sitters; the architecture is elegant; nor has he hesitated to intimate that they cherished a love of classic things; a bridal dance, where wreaths flutter and pipes sound, is half seen, half hid below the sill of the window, the glass of which is opened to let the world see an affectionate wedded pair and hear the sound of a well-tuned instrument.

Philip Vandylke was born at Amsterdam, in the year 1690; he studied under Arnold Boonen, and remained with him till his own fame eclipsed that of his master. He set up his easel first at Middelburgh, and then at the Hague; in both places he painted many portraits, and wrought with such success in the manner of Mieris and Gerard Dow, that many considered him equal to these masters, and rewarded him with commissions more than he could execute. "The number of portraits, conversations, and historical subjects which he finished," says Pilkington, "is almost incredible; but two of his performances are particularly mentioned with great commendation. One is a picture containing the portraits of the Prince of Orange, his mother and sister in one piece; the other a ceiling which he painted for M. Schuylenburgh, representing the story of Iphigenia, in which subject he introduced the portraits of the whole family of his employer. All his subjects are well composed, neatly pencilled, and highly finished." His pictures are not numerous in England: he died at the Hague in the year 1752.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND ENTERING LONDON WITH THE DUKE OF LANCASTER.

F. NORTHCOTE, R.A.

THE scene brought before us here, is one of the finest in the historical plays of Shakspeare, and as such has often been quoted.

DUCK.—My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two counts coming into London.

YORK.—Where did I leave?

DUCK.—At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned hands, from window tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

YORK.—Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casement darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once—
Jesu preserve thee! Welcome Bolingbroke!
Whilst he from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus:—I thank you, countrymen.
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

DUCK.—Alas, poor Richard! where rides he this while?

YORK.—As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prettiness to be tedious,
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God bless him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off;
His face still combating with tears and smiles,—



KING RICHARD THE SECOND ENTERING LONDON.

The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

The two prominent figures in the picture answer well to this touching description. The triumphant duke, the idol of the London citizens, flushed with conscious popularity, bareheaded and bowing

“Lower than his proud steed’s neck,”

is full of spirit and character. “Roan Barbary,” the noble animal he bestrides, is finely drawn, but certainly too violent in action, and brought too near the eye of the spectator. This is not the “slow and stately pace” described by the poet, and it is a considerable defect in the picture. The figure of “poor Richard” is far better conceived. The unhappy monarch, conscious of the general dislike, and insulted by the populace, forced to cover his disgrace and misery with an air of resignation, as he follows at the heels of the usurping Bolingbroke, is well depicted. His countenance, though marred with grief, is kingly and commanding, and his attitude of wonted resignation and dignity very fine.

A DUTCH ALE-HOUSE.

FRANCIS MIERIS.

THIS fine picture, the work of Francis Mieris, has been for some time in England; it was purchased from the well-known collection of Mr. Parke, of Dean Street, by John Slater, Esq., and is distinguished among his pictures by its marked peculiarity of character and the elaborate elegance of its finishing. It represents the interior of a Dutch cabaret, or ale-house; the owner, a substantial sort of person, with a warm fur cap, a close buttoned doublet, and the everlasting pipe in his left hand, is called upon by his daughter, a plump, well-favoured girl, to decide upon the merit of a new-opened cask of ale. He holds the glass with the sample, between him and the light; a sort of doubt or hesitation is dawning upon his face; another moment and he shakes his head and condemns it as weak in malt and strong in water; brewed at the rate of a handful of barley to a hoghead of the pure element. He presses his forefinger on his pipe to keep it fit for his lips; a bird-cage hangs at one side of his window to show that he loves a song; a vine creeps up at the other to intimate that he is not averse to wine, while dried fish suspended from the window-sill seems plainly to say that he is a dealer in food as well as drink. The picture is a fair specimen of the Dutch School, where much is made out of little, and scenes which please the world are manufactured from the ordinary pursuits of life.

A brief account of the painter may not be uninteresting. Francis Mieris was born at Leyden, in 1635, he studied with Vliet, one of the ablest artists of the Low Countries, and afterwards under Gerard Douw, whose taste and talents were nearly akin to his own. Under his second master he soon surpassed all other students, and was called by Gerard the prince of his disciples. From the studies of Douw he went to that of nature, and acquainted himself so wisely and so well, that he soon became distinguished for an unusual sweetness of colouring; a neat and delicate touch, a correctness of drawing which none of his masters could teach, and a singular transparency, combined with wonderful force and freshness.

The merits of Mieris attracted the eye of Reynolds on his visit to the Low Country Galleries, and he ranks him seventh on the list of those whom he reckons excellent in their kind. His notice of the painter is of the briefest. In Hope's Gallery in Amsterdam, he saw "an Old Man by Mieris, with a glass of wine and shrimps on the table; a woman behind scoring the reckoning; a fiddle lying



in the window." And in the gallery of the Prince of Orange he noticed "a picture of Dutch Gallantry by Mieris; a man pinching the ear of a dog, which lies on his mistress's lap." The heart of Reynolds was with the Historic School; his hand was with the Portrait one; and he had no sympathy for works which displayed little imagination, and which he considered remarkable chiefly for the science displayed in the execution. He could render no account, he observed, of the Dutch pictures, but such as would be barren of entertainment. "One would wish," he says, "to be able to convey to the reader some idea of that excellence, the sight of which has afforded so much pleasure; but as their merit often consists in the truth of representation alone, whatever praise they deserve, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye, they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed." This last sentiment has been applied to all paintings, by Johnson; but it is true neither in reference to the Italian, the Dutch, nor the English Schools; wherever human action is represented, human thought is awakened by the contemplation. Take one of the pictures of Mieris for instance, as described by Sir Joshua, "a man pinching the ear of a dog which lies in his mistress's lap." The moment we look we begin to consider what the man's object can be; conjecture is busy, and we are not satisfied till we have assigned a reason for the pinching of the lap-dog's ear.

By several judges Mieris is reckoned superior to Gerard Douw, in rigour of design and accuracy of drawing, he stands below him in the lists of Reynolds. His pictures here are high-priced and rare, nor are they numerous in Holland: he excelled in conversation-pieces; in the painting of silks and velvets; and was such a master in imitation, that the different kinds, and the fabric of the cloth might easily be distinguished. He painted many portraits; he was fond of delineating persons performing on musical instruments; patients attended by the doctors; chemists at work in the laboratory; mercers exhibiting their silks and satins to fastidious ladies; and, in short, he found a subject in all domestic matters, and handled the most difficult things with equal discretion and effect. When any one wished to purchase a picture from him, he turned to his books and multiplying the time he had taken to paint it by a ducat per hour, made the result the price. This mechanical mode of valuation was pronounced by many unjust. The pictures soonest done, are sometimes done most happily, while those on which much time is expended may be cold and laboured. He stuck to his system and found it profitable.

Mieris was a considerate and generous man. Houbraken relates an incident in his life much to his honour, and illustrative of his character. "He had conceived a real friendship for Jan Steen, and delighted in his company, though he was by no means so fond of drinking freely as Jan was accustomed to do every evening at the tavern. Notwithstanding this, he often passed whole nights with his friend in a joyous manner, and frequently returned very late to his lodgings. One

evening, when it was very dark, and almost midnight, as Mieris strolled home from the tavern, he unluckily fell into the common sewer, which had been opened for the purpose of being cleansed, and the workmen had left it unguarded. There he must have perished, if a cobbler and his wife who worked in a neighbouring stall had not heard his cries and instantly ran to his relief. Having extricated Mieris they took all possible care of him, and procured the best refreshments in their power. The next morning, the painter having thanked his preservers, took his leave, but particularly remarked the house that he might know it again. The poor people were totally ignorant of the person who had been relieved by them, but Mieris had too grateful a spirit to forget his benefactors, and having painted a picture in his best manner, he brought it to the cobbler and his wife, telling them it was a present from the person whose life they had contributed to save, and desired them to carry it to his friend Cornelius Plaats, who would give them the full value for it. The woman, unacquainted with the real worth of the present, concluded she might receive a moderate gratuity for the picture, but her astonishment was inexpressible when she received the sum of eight hundred florins."

Mieris had two sons, John and William, both of whom obtained distinction as painters; the former died early, but the latter lived to a good old age, and in his pencilling, and harmony and delicacy of finish, all but rivalled his father. Among the chief works of the elder Mieris is reckoned the portrait of the wife of Cornelius Plaats; large and tempting sums have been offered for it in vain. Another of his best pictures represents a lady fainting, and a physician applying remedies to relieve her: the painter's price for it was fifteen hundred florins; the Grand Duke of Tuscany afterwards offered three thousand, but as money could not purchase it, he procured a fine work instead, a girl holding a candle in her hand, considered by many inestimable. He died in 1681, aged forty-six years.



CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS fine picture was bequeathed to the nation by the Rev. William Holwell Carr, and though some critics surmise that it is not from the hand of Da Vinci, but wrought by a gifted pupil from his drawings, it has ever ranked high as a work of art, and is certainly an admirable specimen of the tranquil power of the great painter. The heads are stamped with individuality of character; the necks and hands are drawn with great knowledge of outline; the foldings of the draperies are natural and simple, and the whole is richly coloured, and finished with consummate delicacy. Those who say it is deficient in energy of character, forget that a calm godlike grandeur is the ruling sentiment in all that we know of the Saviour. The artist has felt this, and embodied it with his usual felicity; muscular vigour and the energy of action, would be unbecoming a being so gentle and divine; this calmness has been called coldness by some who love violent action in the body, and a head thinking with all its might all thought seems painful.

Leonardo da Vinci was a natural son of Pietro, a Florentine notary; Durazzini, in his panegyrics on illustrious Tuscans, fixes his birth in the year 1450, but eloquence has been compelled to yield to fact; he was born, according to the registry, in 1452, in Lower Valdarno, in Tuscany. Nature endowed him with a genius elevated and penetrating; he was one of those rare men fitted to excel in many pursuits; he was not only a painter, but he wrote himself mathematician, mechanic, musician, and poet; he excelled also in all genteel accomplishments—he was admired for his dancing, his fencing, and his horsemanship. “He was so perfect in all,” says Lanzi, “that when he performed any one, the beholder was ready to imagine that it must have been his sole study. To vigour of intellect, he joined an elegance of features and of manners, that graced the virtues of his mind; he was affable with strangers, with citizens, with private individuals, and with princes he lived on a footing of familiarity and friendship.” To do all this cost him no effort; his birth was humble, but his mind ranked with the highest.

He began his studies in art early; Verrocchio taught him painting, that he soon excelled his master has been admitted by all his biographers, but they have not all remarked, as Lanzi has done, that, like his teacher, he designed more readily than he painted; this is true of him through life. He studied mathematics

and sculpture, the former gave him a knowledge of quantity, the latter of outline; he prized elegance more than dignity, and calm, tranquil expression more than passionate action. He studied art through nature; the horses of his pictures and models were found in his own stables; he represented them in motion, for he knew they could not think, and held with the old writer, that the three noblest sights in the world are a man thinking, an eagle flying, and a horse at full speed. As a sculptor his merits are of a high order; his statue of St. Thomas is worthy of being named with some of his pictures; and the horse in the church of St. John and St. Paul at Venice, and the three statues cast in bronze from the models by Rustici for the church of St. John at Florence, have been commended for their perfect relief and roundness, their grace of action and truth of expression. As a painter he ranks with the highest; his lofty thoughts, his fine proportions, his calm grace, and his truth of composition have perhaps never been surpassed; yet there is visible in his compositions, as Mariette has remarked, something of the weakness of the old school, which connects him with the past and the present in painting.

The life of Da Vinci may be divided into four periods: the first includes the time of his youth, and his stay in Florence. To this era may be referred some of his least perfect compositions in which the lessons of Verrocchio are said to be visible. The characters are not so fully developed, the shadows so natural, nor the draperies so simple and elegant as in his mature works. A Christ produced by his pencil in those days, reminds us of the Gothic school. The child lies on a bed richly ornamented, attired in a magnificent dress, and covered with pearls and precious stones. The second period carries the painter to Milan, where he astonished Lodovico Sforza less by his pencil than by his performance on the lyre; a curious new instrument, chiefly of silver, fashioned by his own hand. The envy of the musicians of Milan was awakened; they challenged him to a public contest, where they were not only vanquished

* On the ten-stringed instrument
And on the psaltery,*

but were compelled to acknowledge that the eloquence of his conversation, and the originality of his extemporaneous poetry, were alike unrivalled. The third period brings Da Vinci back to Florence, and is associated with some of his happiest works. To his second residence in his native city we owe that portrait of Mona Lisa, which was the labour of four years, and is still unfinished; the cartoon of St. Anna, prepared for a picture in the church of the Servi; and that still more celebrated cartoon of the Battle of Niccolò Piccinino, intended to dispute the palm of excellence with Michael Angelo. Another picture assigned to this period is a Holy Family, lost during the sack of Milan, but which after many vicissitudes made its appearance in Russia. In the background is a woman, or rather an angel, of a beautiful and majestic countenance, standing in an upright position. It bears the cipher of Leonardo; a D interlaced

with an L and a V, as seen in the picture of the Signori Sansitali, at Parma. The visit of Da Vinci to Rome, where his stay was short, or his professional journey to Paris, where he died suddenly before he had been able to display the fascinations of his pencil, may be named as the fourth period of the painter. The repose of old age was denied him; the rising genius of Michael Angelo seems to have disturbed him too much; the latter, animated by genius and eager after distinction, executed his commissions with astonishing rapidity, while Da Vinci, slow, fastidious, and procrastinating, was willing to begin and loth to finish. Vasari says, the former gave the world works while the latter amused them with words.

"He had two styles," says Lanzi, "the one abounded in shadow, which gives admirable brilliancy to the contrasting lights; the other was more quiet and managed by means of middle tints. In each style the grace of his design, the expression of the mental affections, and the delicacy of his pencil are unrivalled. Every thing is lively in his paintings; the foreground, the landscape, the adreptions ornaments of necklaces, flowers and architecture: but this gaiety is more apparent in the heads. In these he purposely repeats the same idea, and gives them a dawning smile which delights the mind of the spectator. He did not consider any of his pictures complete, but from a singular timidity often left them imperfect. He was never pleased with his labours if he did not execute them as perfectly as he had conceived them, and being unable to reach the high point proposed with a mortal hand, he sometimes only designed his work, or carried it to a certain state of completion. Sometimes he devoted to it so long a period as almost to renew the example of the ancient, who employed seven years over his picture." But works which seemed imperfect to Leonardo da Vinci have been accepted as finished by the world: his conceptions were too noble for his hand to embody, and as he never pleased himself, he called his pictures imperfect. Even his Last Supper he regarded as incomplete, though all history agrees in celebrating it as one of the most masterly of human works. He established the Milanese School, and by his investigations as well as his pictures, gave a philosophical dignity to painting, which was consummated by the pencil of Raphael.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH'S FIRST MEETING WITH ANNE BOLEYN.

STOTHARD.

We are transported by the art of "the British Raphael" (as Stothard has been termed,) into the midst of a scene of courtly amusement in the days of "Bluff King Hal." The politic and magnificent Wolsey at once gratifies his own taste and that of his capricious and voluptuous master. The presence-chamber of his splendid palace of York Place, is decorated for the fair and noble assembly, a small table placed under a state covering for the cardinal, a longer table for the guests; music breathes delightful measure through the perfumed apartments; the young and beautiful pour into them, exchanging freely

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and looks, and wreathed smiles."

A sudden flourish of trumpets is heard without, and their mirth is for a moment interrupted.

"A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes."

The chamberlain is ordered to welcome them.

"Enter the King, and twelve others as maskers, habited like shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company, what are their pleasures?

CHAM.—Because they speak no English, that they pray'd

To tell your grace:—That, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,

But leave their flocks; and under your fair conduct

Crave leave to view these ladies, and married

An hour of revels with them.

WOL.

Say, Lord Chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasure

Ladies chosen for the dance, the King chooses Anne Boleyn.



K. HEN.—The fairest land I ever touched ! O beauty !
Till now I never knew thee

(Music, dance.)"

This is the moment chosen by the painter, who has certainly committed a slight error in displaying the godly person of the monarch as in his appropriate costume, before he had unmasked—but this was a liberty essential to the interest of the piece. There is a close attention to the costume of the period, and to the portraits of the king, by Holbein: the painter has, however, somewhat softened the imperial air, and thrown into the face and person, the grace of the courtly and well-practised wooer. The fair figure of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, half shrinking from the ardent gaze of the king, is very graceful; here, however, the painter has been less successful in preserving the identity, which gives so much interest to historical painting. The portrait of Anne by Holbein gives us a far higher idea of her personal attractions, than the figure in the picture, it is far more "expressive" and fascinating. Mr. Stothard seems to have imparted to the face of the wily cardinal an expression of discontent at the subject of the king's attentions, seen through the mask of his courtly flatteries, as though he were saying to himself

"The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress's mistress ! The queen's queen !
This candle burns not clear ; 'tis I must snuff it ,
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should be t' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king."

The rest of the picture is beautifully composed; the maze of the dancers, the gallery full of musicians, and the Gothic arcades in the highly florid style seen in the chapel of Henry the Seventh, at Westminster, about to give place to the mixed Italian mode of the following reigns, are composed with a master hand. There is much of the feeling of Paul Veronese in the drapery, and light and shade, much of the gorgousness of the Venetian school, upon a study of which the picture seems composed, but without losing the originality of the admirable master who does so much honour to our native school of painters.

THE RUINED FORTRESS.

WILSON.

THIS is one of those fine scenes of fancy in which Wilson excelled. He was none of the literal copyists of nature, who, unless it please the earth, sea, and air to unite into one splendid landscape, and appear before them really and truly, have no chance of ever being heard of. He was one of the most poetic painters of inanimate things that ever lived; he had the rare faculty of extracting whatever was lovely or grand from the aspect of nature, of uniting the beautiful of what he saw with the beautiful of what he imagined, and forming the whole into one magnificent picture, in which all that was fair on earth was blended with all that was sublime in heaven. Nothing was to Wilson so depressing as a common scene, nothing so elevating as a poetic one; in this he resembled our greatest poets. A landscape of his reminds us as much as the harmony of colours can, of the scenes in the Seasons of Thompson; all with him was poetic, he admitted nothing amusing or ordinary upon his canvas. He went out to the valleys and to the mountains, not so much to look at them as to hold conversation with them; with him romantic glens lived, picturesque hills breathed, haunted rivers spoke, and the assembled clouds of heaven, edged with sunshine, or touched with lightning, were as something spiritual which exalted his mind and communicated supernatural brilliancy to his fancy. Yet if he is never wholly on the earth, he is never altogether in the clouds; his most fanciful scenes are linked to our feelings by a thousand ties of nature, poetry, or history, real or fabulous. If his clouds seem ever overcharged with their burdens, figures of angry gods are seen dimly in them, discharging arrows at the sinning sons of men; if the scene threatens a barren magnificence, he brings it back to our sympathy by the shepherd hurrying his flock over it, or by the figure of some traveller bewildered in the splendour of hills heaped upon hills, and Alps on Alps; or if he chooses to depict some quiet and lonely lake, with the heron on its winding margin, and the shadows of lambs on its bosom, he connects it with *turner* times by the rough outline of some castle, or keep, standing like a sentinel by the silent water, or with some now neglected temple for worship, where gods of wood or stone had niches and altars.

Of the latter kind of landscape the scene attached to these pages is an example; the quiet poetic beauty which Wilson occasionally loved is there: there are cattle on shore, anglers watching with their rods, water-lilies lying white on the lake, while overlooking the whole a dark, peaked mountain, with a ruined fortress at



its base, connects history with natural grandeur. To interrupt the long extent of mountain, and give life to the slumbering lake, the painter has dashed in a bold abrupt headland, rough with rocks, fringed to the water's edge with trees, and crowned with an ruined ruin, evidently the relics of a feudal tower, which in times of strife and commotion afforded shelter and protection to the lords of the land. There are few of Wilson's landscapes without water, he had a sort of island love for the element, and no one has painted it with more truth and beauty. Indeed, he would have backed a waterfall against a king's coronation at any time; he loved whatever was immutable and undying.

"The bright unchanging glory of the eternal hills"

he reckoned as something worth living for, while men were but dust in the balance. It was this enthusiastic feeling which enabled him to triumph in the race of future, not immediate fame, over all opponents.

How little Sir Joshua Reynolds felt the excellence of the works of his contemporary Wilson may be gathered from those three depreciating pages in his fourteenth discourse, written and spoken when the great landscape painter's head was in the dust: he is speaking of the mixture of common nature and classic idealty, which he imagined he saw in his landscapes. "To manage," says Reynolds, "a subject of this kind a peculiar style of art is required, and it can only be done without impropriety, or even without ridicule, when we adapt the character of the landscape, and that too in all its parts, to the historical or poetical representation. This is a very difficult adventure, and it requires a mind thrown back two thousand years, and, as it were, naturalized into antiquity, like that of Nicolo Poussin, to achieve it." Now, these are very just observations, but more applicable to any other painter than to Wilson; his clouds and hills and ruins are all of the poetic stamp which the President required; there is nothing every day or common-place in his compositions. Reynolds must have shut his eyes against the character of those magnificent landscapes, for one cannot well accuse him of laying down rules so profound that he could not perceive when they were fulfilled. The critic wonders at seeing Apollo in clouds, which he says have not the appearance of being able to support him, and are besides deficient in the romantic character appropriate to such a subject. We marvel what kind of clouds are the most suitable to support gods upon, and moreover we would be glad to see a cloud of a romantic character. It is not easy to account for the hostility of Sir Joshua to the memory of a man who died neglected, old, and poor. The fame of Wilson is however quite safe, and what is better it is on the ascent rather than on the fall; of his life and works we shall yet find many occasions to speak.

The original of this landscape is in the collection of T. E. Earle, Esq., of Holten Park, Oxfordshire; late the property of T. Biscoe, Esq., of the same place, who permitted Mr. Havell to copy it for engraving.

THE SHEPHERDS' WATCH.

CLAY.

CLAY has gained the general favour of mankind by delineating nature, and touching it gracefully with the finger of poesie. It is not in his groups of cattle, nor yet in the action and character of his shepherds and husbandmen, that his chief power lies; it resides in that calm loveliness of scene which gladdens all who look, and cheers them with that wholesome joy which brims the cup without overflowing it. Not a little of this is visible in the fine picture before us; the air is quiet, there is not a breath in the woods; the cows of a farmer, four in number, seek at mid-day the side of a shallow pool; two stand cooling their hoofs, two lie down on the marshy and moist ground; while two children stand nigh them, in the shadow of the wood, and enjoy themselves rather than keep watch. A few sheep lie or nibble on a distant knoll; one shepherd sits on the ground, another stands leaning on his staff or crook, enjoying the beauty of the boundless landscape, while a child kneels, in prayer apparently, beside him. The sun, without being seen, kindles up the whole, glancing on the shafts of the trees, on the dress of the shepherds, on the backs of the cows, and on the sedge pool. The painter has indicated by flags and rushes that the water is not deep, and by the vicinity of the children, that the cattle are harmless. The painting from which this engraving is copied belongs to the fine collection of W. Wells, Esq. of Redleaf-Park.

There is a Professor of Perspective in each Academy, whose duty it is to lead the minds of the students to the contemplation of scenes of natural beauty and splendour, to teach them the art of perceiving and combining the picturesque points of the rough picture, which nature supplies, into one grand and harmonious landscape, touching it with light here and with darkness there, and communicating to the whole the hues of earth, or the lustre of heaven, as the subject requires. It has never been our fortune to meet with any lectures on the art of landscape, or yet to listen to our own gifted Professor when he annually descants on an art to which he has brought fine skill and a fair imagination. Looking therefore on the hill, with its canopy of cloud, the valley with its stream, the sky with its sunshine or its stars, and ocean with its wilderness of waters, sleeping or agitated, and comparing the raw materials of art with the finished productions of the pencil, we are compelled to acknowledge that landscape painters have less

honoured their Maker in the imitation of inanimate nature than we think the grand historical artists have done in representing man with his deeds and his passions, we have, we confess, never yet seen any body of living men capable, from nobleness of form and godlike grace of expression, of enacting Da Vinci's Last Supper, or some of Raphael's Cartoons: while we must acknowledge that we have seen such splendour in the heavens above, and such beauty on the earth beneath—such risings and such settings of the sun—such tumultuous heavings of the sea, when thunder prevailed and fire was in the air, as we have never yet seen anything from a painter capable of matching, save Wilson and Turner, or Martin now and then.

We have ventured, in the absence of the lights of Professors, to hazard this remark, and we shall not be surprised to find that we have come to a hasty conclusion, and without allowing enough for the merits of Salvator Rosa, Claude, the Poussins, and others: without therefore following further the will-o'-wisp of our own fancy, let us see what one of the masters in painting—one not unskilled in landscape—says of the labours of the men whom Fuseli called “sworn land-surveyors.” In his thirteenth discourse, Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of an artist with true imaginative powers, says, “like Nicolas Poussin, he transports us to the environs of ancient Rome, with all the objects which a literary education makes so precious and interesting to man; or like Sébastien Bourdon, he leads us to the dark antiquity of the pyramids of Egypt, or like Claude Lorraine, he conducts us to the tranquillity of Arcadian scenes and fairy land. Like the history painter of landscapes in this style, and with this conduct, he sends the imagination back into antiquity, and like the poet, he makes the elements sympathise with his subject: whether the clouds roll in volumes, like those of Titian or Salvator Rosa, or like those of Claude are gilded with the setting sun: whether the mountains have sudden and bold projections, or are gently sloped: whether the branches of his trees shoot out abruptly in right angles from the trunks, or follow each other with only a gentle inclination. All these circumstances contribute to the general character of the work, whether it be of the elegant or the sublime kind.” This we think a fine artist-like passage, worthy of the consideration of all painters who desire to introduce the grand and the majestic of nature upon their canvases, and exclude the mean and common-place. Nor do we think that the delineating of such scenes is more trouble to an imaginative mind than to elaborate out a mechanical fac-simile of nature is to a painter blessed with fine hands, but unaided by fancy. Such landscapes are his element; he has heroic visions of mountains, and valleys, and mighty rivers: the world before the flood is revealed: he sees Greece with all her glory on, and Thetis opening her hundred gates to her thousand chariots of war: or better still, his mind ascends to heaven, he delineates celestial cities; mountains where spirits dwell, the lands where the just men made perfect live; the immortal spires of the new Jerusalem, scenes in short to which those in Paradise of old are but as a proverb.

Landscapes such as these but seldom appear to hands skilful in arresting their glories on canvas, and humbler subjects are more acceptable to the bulk of mankind; for after all, much of the spirit of the grazier is abroad, earth is looked upon less for its beauty than for its productiveness. It is difficult to direct the footsteps of the close copyist of nature, of the unimaginative and literal minded, who thinks no picture good unless he can swear to its accuracy. Yet our isle teems with lovely and untrodden nooks; fairy spots on mountain rivulet banks; scenes by hoary and tottering castles; dells, where you hear the coo of the cushat-dove, and the murmur of the brook; and after looking downward into the bosom of the darkness for a minute's space, you see, or think you see, the sparkling of the running water, or the flitting of the startled bird, who fears you are about to precipitate yourself upon his domain. We could, in truth, in a couple of hours' walk in our own native land, select as many beautiful scenes, renowned in song and story, as would make the fortune and fame of any painter who is capable of copying what is before him. Nor should we forget that it was in England that Gainsborough saw the scenes on which his glory is founded. "The style and department of art which he chose," says Reynolds, "and in which he so much excelled, did not require that he should go out of his own country for the objects of his study; they were everywhere about him; he found them in the streets and in the fields; and from the models thus accidentally found, he selected with great judgment such as suited his purpose. As his studies were directed to the living world principally, he did not pay a general attention to the works of various masters, though they are in my opinion always of great use, even when the character of our subject requires us to depart from some of their principles. If Gainsborough did not look on nature with a poet's eye, it must be acknowledged that he saw her with the eye of a painter."

The landscapes of Cuyper resemble those of Gainsborough, inasmuch as they have more of the real than of the poetic. They might be conceived without much labour of imagination, though no one without fancy could have painted them. We shall presently render some account of his life and studies, and enter more fully into the merits of his compositions—he has followers, and not unsuccessful ones in this country.

THE DEATH OF MORTIMER.

KING HENRY V.—PART I.—ACT II.—SCENE V.

NORTHCOTE, R. A.

THE productions of Northcote indicate the possession of considerable genius, but not of a highly cultivated perception of the beautiful in art. They are characterized by power of effect, force and breadth of light and shade, and strong expression in the principal heads, but with little refinement of form or feature. We have here a composition full of his peculiar beauties and defects. It is a striking scene within the gloomy walls of the Tower of London. The dying Mortimer, Earl of March, is carried in a chair by his two keepers, and earnestly requests to see his nephew, Richard Plantagenet, before he dies.

The heavy door of the chamber is thrown open, and Richard Plantagenet hastens to receive the last words of his expiring uncle. His vigorous and youthful figure contrasts finely with the wasted form and pallid features of the dying man. The painter has exhausted his skill in depicting his sinking frame—his perfectly listless death-struck attitude—his high and noble lineaments sharpening with the rigidity of approaching dissolution—

"And his grey locks, the paravants of death."

He gathers his remaining strength with a last effort, his lips move slowly, and with difficulty, as,

"while his fading breath permits,"

he unfolds the subject nearest his heart, the story of his rightful claim to the crown, of his woes and imprisonment, and of the tragical end of the father of his nephew, the Earl of Cambridge, who was beheaded after an unsuccessful attempt to plant him upon the throne, to which he was entitled. The management of the light, upon this finely conceived and executed figure, as it falls from the lamp above, and is gradually lost in the gloom of the stone walls, well suits the melancholy expression proper to the subject.

We cannot say so much for the figure of Plantagenet. It is somewhat vulgar and theatrical, the action is too high and violent, and the drawing clumsy

KEMBLE AS HAMLET.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THIS is a good specimen of the part real and part imaginative works of art so common in our English School. When questioned to what class the picture belonged, Lawrence hesitated, and at last said, "I call it a half history picture." It may, however, be regarded as a portrait; in look, action, and dress it is no more than Kemble was when he acted the part of the Prince of Denmark: all that belongs to the painter is the art which embodied it. Lawrence resolved to reach a grace above the art of mere portraiture; he sought for the philosophic Dane in the person of the great actor, and caught much of his stateliness and contemplative melancholy: the fine figure, the fine posture, and the graceful colouring pleased the multitude, and silenced, but did not satisfy criticism.

In figures of this kind Reynolds loved to show the fascination of his colours; Barry, too, attempted them, and concealed penury of thought, in extravagance of action; and much of the fame of Romney came from the same source—the lovely form of Lady Hamilton supplied him with what he had not imagination to conceive, and while she condescended to sit for goddesses and nymphs the painter made beautiful pictures. Had Kemble not appeared as Hamlet, Lawrence probably would have refrained from evoking a Hamlet of the fancy from the pages of Shakspeare: the painter's genius was imitative rather than creative. There is a touch or so of poetry about this and other works of the "half history" kind; still they are portraits; nor do they bring high fame to the artist, like productions of pure imagination. Here the painter is in the situation of the biographer: let the narrative be ever so true and characteristic, half the merit and more is ascribed to the subject:—such is the penalty which portrait painters and memoir writers must pay. The original of the engraving before us is now in the Gallery of Her Majesty; we remember it in the possession of Mr. Chantrey, from whom it passed again into the hands of Lawrence, for, we believe, little or—nothing.

. This very successful painter was born at Bristol, on the 4th of May, 1769; he was the youngest of sixteen children, and the son of a man who had been attorney, exciseman, actor, farmer, and publican. One who knew Lawrence, when he was a child, said he had very bright eyes, and a voice melodious and sweet; his father, who at that time kept an inn at Devizes, turned his good looks and fine voice to advantage; he



taught him to spout select passages from the poets for the entertainment of his customers. Before he was five years old he had stood on a table and astonished the guests by reciting speeches from Milton, and odes from Collins; this he did to please his father—to please himself he learned to draw likenesses—and he did this, though then very young, with so much skill, that some who did not chuse to hear his recitations, condescended to have their portraits taken by one whom the newspapers of the day called the wonderful boy of Devizes.

When Lawrence was but ten years old his name had flown over the kingdom; he had read scenes from Shakspeare in a way that called forth the praise of Garrick, and drawn faces and figures with such skill as had obtained the approbation of Prince Hoare; his father, desirous of making the most of his talents, carried him to Oxford, where he was patronized by heads of colleges and noblemen of taste, and produced a number of portraits, wonderful in one so young and uninstructed. Money now came in: he went to Bath, hired a house, raised his price from one guinea to two; his *Mrs. Siddons as Zara* was engraved—Sir Henry Harpur desired to adopt him as his son—Prince Hoare saw something so angelic in his face, that he proposed to paint him in the character of Christ—and the artists of London heard with wonder of a boy who was rivaling their best efforts with the pencil, and realizing, as was imagined, a fortune.

Provincial reputation sometimes fails when tested in London; Lawrence in his seventeenth year resolved to make the experiment; and, collecting his pencils, set up his easel in the metropolis—nor was the venture unsuccessful. His studio soon became the favourite resort of the fashionable and the fair; young ladies loved to have their looks recorded by one whom they called the handsome prodigy, nor did they like him the less for his fine drawing, his pleasing colours, and the graceful air with which he endowed all his portraits. Nor was he insensible of his own merit, when some eighteen years old or so he said, "Excepting Sir Joshua Reynolds for the painting of a head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London." This, as Gainsborough and Romney, and Hoppner, and West were then in full fame, was decided enough. The fascination of his manners had a good deal to do with his success; he talked himself as well as painted himself into reputation; he pleased his sitters by listening with polite deference to all their remarks, and he had the art of soothing them into the mood that suited his pencil, by that indescribable, sorcery of conversation which dealing in nothing original or profound, yet wins its way to the heart. "He recited passages from Milton," said Fuseli, "very much like Behai, but deucedly unlike Belshazzar."

To relate the history of the works of Lawrence, would be to pronounce the names of all who were lovely or distinguished in England during a period of forty years. The King was so much pleased with his manners and his talents, that he caused the rules of the Academy to be broken to admit him. The influence of the throne sent flocks of titled sitters to the studio of one whom His Majesty de-

lighted to honour; and though eminent painters lived when he commenced, and others equally eminent arose during his career, it cannot be said with truth that his ascendancy was ever in danger, or that a rival eclipsed his brightness. Yet amid all his success he could not be called either fortunate or happy. He had, it is said, ungenerously violated some engagements of the heart in his youth, and was at times melancholy; and from whatever cause it arose, it is certain that wealth fell upon him as rain into a sieve; gold poured upon him as it never poured upon painter either before or since, and yet he was not only poor—he was embarrassed. He kept no splendid establishment; he gave no expensive dinners; he exacted high prices from his sitters, and was paid large sums by engravers for leave to work from his pictures; yet he lived from hand to mouth, and died in debt. His health had been for some time declining; his looks were faded, and he had lost something of his uncommon brightness of eye when we had the pleasure of seeing him last. He died at his house in Russell Square, on the 17th of January, 1830, in the sixty first year of his age.

The fame of Sir Thomas Lawrence arises chiefly from the fascination of his female portraits; his male heads are less manly than those of Reynolds, and want force of expression. The eyes of his ladies have perhaps never been equalled for liquid brilliancy, and that light which is of heaven. Fuseli swore his eyes were equal to those of Titan—the force of praise could no further go. His colouring has been reproached with feebleness; his drawing with lack of vigour; nor have critics been wanting who perceived something unholy in the looks of his ladies. ‘*Phillips shall paint my wife, and Lawrence shall paint my mistress,*’ is an expression imputed to a witty poet. He tried the historic. “*The Satan,*” he said, “answered my secret motives in attempting it; my success in portraits will no longer be thought accident or fortune; and if I have trod the path with honour, it is because my limbs are strong. My claims are acknowledged by the circle of taste, and are undisputed by competitors and rivals.”



IE CONFLAGRATION.

G. POUSSIN.

THE landscapes of Gaspar Poussin are generally imaginative, but they are brought down to nature by a thousand indescribable touches, which genius alone can bestow. The picture before us, besides the harmony and beauty of the scene, contains much matter for reflection. The tranquil loveliness of the stream, the deep shade of the trees, the rugged and caverned-like rocks rising on either side, buildings which seem to be tombs as much as the abodes of men, a shaggy hill pinnacled, and inaccessible to all save the eagles, overlooking the scene, while on the other side, a palace, or town on fire, throwing up a volume of mingled smoke and flame far into the air, are the materials out of which the painter has made this noble work. The figures which he has introduced, can only be considered as furnishing a scale, by which to measure the magnitude of the landscape. Neither the graver nor the pen can do justice to such a production, and when we examined the painting in the collection of Robert Ludgate, Esq, we felt how unable we were to describe its transparent colours, or give any idea of its harmonious splendour. As we looked on it, we felt more than ever how closely poetry and painting are allied: but the beauty of true poetry no art can effectually embody, and the beauty of true painting can neither be described in poetry nor prose. The best painter never fell further below Milton and Shakspeare in expressing their sentiments, than the ablest writer falls below the noblest painting in explaining it.

In the story of the painter's life, there is a touch of the romantic. When Nicholas Poussin fixed his residence in Rome, he married a French lady of the name of Dughet; on receiving a visit from her brother Gaspar, the latter discoursed on painting with so much taste and enthusiasm, that Poussin advised him to lift the pencil and make a trial in the art which he so much admired. He did so; and though his first attempts were rude and unregulated, they were not without touches of that fine sensibility which showed true genius. Poussin watched over his progress with care and wonder, and when his hand was well disciplined, and he had acquired knowledge sufficient to work from his own imagination, he produced pictures every way so worthy of his instructor, that he was advised to continue in Rome, drop his family name, and adopt that of his master. Such is the story of the early days of Gaspar Poussin. A less poetic version is however current. Sandrart says, that he was employed at first only to prepare the palette,

pencils and colours for his brother, but in process of time, the precepts and example of Nicholas wrought so with him, that he tried landscape for himself, and succeeded so wondrously as to rival the fame of his master. The labours of which the biographer speaks are common to students: both versions agree in the material fact, and cannot be considered as different. It is more difficult to settle the places and dates of his birth and burial. Most writers say that he was born in France, in 1600, and died at the age of 60, but the authors of the "*Abregé de la Vie des Peintres*" make Rome his birthplace, and fix his death in 1675, when he was sixty-two years old; no authority for this contradiction is cited, and the matter is left more in doubt than we could wish. Lanzi claims him for a pupil of the Roman School, but leaves the question of his birthplace where he found it.

Wherever he was born, Rome is the place where he acquired all his glories. Like his brother Nicholas, he united nature with fancy, and never thought of giving a mere fac-simile of a scene; this he reckoned to be the duty of a landscape-surveyor, rather than of a painter; he was of opinion that unity and harmony were required in all true landscape, and he arranged his materials after the manner of a poet. The wonderful quickness of his hand equalled the elegance of his taste. Like Salvator Rosa he sometimes commenced a picture in the morning, and finished it, with all its woods, waters, ruins, and inhabitants, in the same day. Some of his biographers accuse him of want of skill in the human figure, while others make it a matter of reproach, that he called in the pencil of his brother Nicholas to such delineations, marring thereby the fine unity which appears in pictures solely from his own hand. There is no doubt that this is a defect; figures inserted by one artist in the landscape of another, show the marks of different pencils and feelings, and injure the effect by disturbing the harmony; on the other hand, when the same artist paints the landscape and peoples it also, the work may be compared to a Gothic abbey, where the lofty aisles, splendid screens, and rich recesses are occupied by sculpture in the express spirit and style of the architecture: when it is otherwise, it may be likened to Westminster Abbey, where the monuments are generally out of harmony with the building, and seem to oppress rather than to beautify it. Though Gaspar Poussin had a strong passion for grace and beauty, and though his best landscapes are composed in the same way that Milton described Paradise, by concentrating all his own notions of the elegant and lovely, he did not hesitate to paint what was fair in nature. "he copied," says Lanzi, "all the enchanting scenery of the Tusculan or Tiburtine territory, and of Rome, where, as Martial observes, nature has combined the many beauties which she has scattered singly in other places."

He never crowds his scenes with figures, nor huddles rock on rock, or hill on hill; all is simple, the eye is never detained in the investigation of something curious or far-fetched, his peasants are not dressed for show but for sentiment; he introduces nothing that can be called common or vulgar in his compositions.

"He is one of the most celebrated painters of landscape," says Pilkington, "that

ever appeared; and it is generally thought no painter ever studied nature to better purpose, or represented the effects of land storms more happily than Gaspar: every tree shows a proper and natural degree of agitation: every leaf is in motion. His scenes are always beautifully chosen, as also are the sites of his buildings, and those buildings have a pleasing effect by a mixture of simplicity and elegance. His distances recede from the eye with abundance of perspective beauty; his grounds are charmingly broken, and his figures, trees, and other objects are so judiciously placed and proportioned to the distance as to create a most agreeable deception. He had a free and delicate manner of pencilling, and was exceedingly expeditious in his work, for his imagination was scarcely more ready to invent than his hand was to execute.

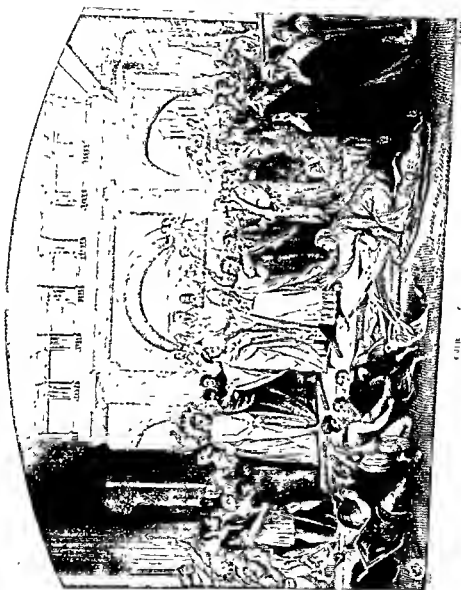
The pictures of this great painter are numerous, bring large prices, and are seldom to be sold; there are several in the National Gallery. It is to be regretted that one of these, a landscape, representing Eneas and Dido in the Storm, has become so dark "in consequence perhaps," says Ottley, "of the destructive nature of the earth used in priming the canvas, and the small body of colour employed in painting it, that little idea can be formed of its pristine beauty." Gaspar Poussin has had few followers: Crescenzo di Onofrio is alone considered his true imitator; but let all those who desire to follow, not to lead, lay the fact to heart, that though this artist executed many works, both in Rome and Florence, few of them are to be found in any collection.

CHRIST REJECTED.

BENJAMIN WEST.

THE genius of Benjamin West was of the quiet calm kind ; he had little passion and little energy ; nor did he share largely of that grandeur of soul, which distinguished Raphael and other great masters in the calling. He was, however, inferior to none in the art of telling a story on canvas ; whatever he desired to impart was related with a clearness and precision which required no interpreter ; he was no painter of splendid conundrums or magnificent riddles. He was a skilful draughtsman, or, in other words, was well acquainted with the proportions of the human form, and rarely erred either in unity of parts or in connecting all the groups of his largest pictures by the sympathy of one ruling sentiment. The picture of Christ Rejected will support most of our assertions.

The object of the painter was to show Jesus rejected by the Jewish High Priest, the Elders, and the people of Jerusalem, when brought before Pontius Pilate. The Roman has said, " I find no fault in this man wherewith you accuse him ;" and the accusers are answering, " We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God ; therefore away with him, and crucify him." On the right side of the picture are the Roman soldiers, with Christ in their custody : the centurion, their commander, is pondering on the awful crisis. Next to the soldiers stands our Saviour, with something of divine composure in his looks—a consciousness of his approaching atonement seems to be present to his mind. Pilate is soliciting the rulers and people in his behalf ; but the High Priest stretches out his arms, and, with much bitterness of feeling, exclaims, " Away with him !" Behind the High Priest is a throng of persons, all expressing hatred of Christ, and insulting him with looks, gestures, and language. In the front of these is Joseph of Arimathea, with James the Less, and St. Peter, who, filled with remorse for having denied his Saviour, " went out and wept bitterly." In the middle of the foreground is Mary Magdalen mourning on the fatal cross, near her is the third Mary and the pious women from Galilee, to whom our Saviour said, " Weep not for me, ye daughters of Israel." " It was Mr. West's aim, in the delineation of this subject," these are the words of his catalogue, " to excite feelings in the spectator similar to those produced by a perusal of the sacred texts, which so pathetically describe those awful events. As part of the means for accomplishing this end, several incidents, which were in connexion



with the main circumstance, were introduced to contrast with the meekness and sufferings of the 'Man of Sorrows,' and to show the simplicity and purity of the Gospel dispensation, in opposition to the gaudy and earthly objects of the Heathen and Jewish systems. The delineation of nearly the whole scale of human passions, from the basest to those which partake most of the divine nature, has thus been necessarily attempted." The original picture belongs to Lord Darnley.

Benjamin West, the son of John West and Sarah Pearson, was born at Springfield, in the State of Pennsylvania, North America, on the 10th of October, 1733. His mother, it seems, had gone to hear one Edward Peckorer preach about the sinfulness of the Old World and the spotlessness of the New, and, terrified and overcome by the earnest eloquence of the enthusiast, she shrieked aloud, was carried home, and, in the midst of agitation and terror, was safely delivered of the future President of the Royal Academy. When the preacher was told of this he rejoiced, "Note that child," said he, "for he has come into the world in a remarkable way, and will assuredly prove a wonderful man." The child prospered, and when seven years old began to fulfil the prediction of the preacher. He was set to rock the cradle of his sister's child, and was so struck with the beauty of the slumbering babe, that he sought a sheet of paper, and drew its features in red and black ink. "I declare," cried his astonished sister, "he has made a likeness of little Sally." He was next noticed by a party of wild Indians, who, pleased with the sketches which Benjamin had made of birds and flowers, taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they stained their weapons; to these his mother added indigo, and thus he obtained the three primary colours.

In those days America had no academies, nor even teachers of the mysteries of art. West had, therefore, the task of educating himself—and he seems to have set about it in a way at once original and brief. He looked at prints and he looked at nature—and, making the one correct and animate the other, he succeeded in forming figures and groups, which his wondering relatives called historical or Scripture pictures. He also tried the effect of letting light drop on an object through a small aperture, and thus acquired a knowledge in light and shade. He persuaded some of his neighbours to sit for their portraits, and so obtained some mastery in character, while of all strangers he inquired about pictures and the art of working in oils, and made many experiments in pencils and colours.

It was soon rumoured about that the son of John West was afflicted with a strange passion for painting, and a meeting of the "Friends" was held to consider whether this was to be regarded as a blessing or a visitation of Providence. The spirit or speech came strong to one John Wilhamson; "A man child has been born," he said, "on whom God has bestowed some remarkable gifts of mind; and you have all heard that, through something amounting to inspiration, the youth has been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth genius for art."

Shall we question his wisdom? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts but for a wise and good purpose? I see the Divine hand in this. We shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth."

The result of these communings and forebodings is known to the world. West, having made some progress with the pencil in his native land, went to Rome, where he was soon noticed not only for his skill in portraiture, but for his historical compositions. On his way back to America he wandered to London, and was persuaded by some of his countrymen to set up his easel in a rich land, where sitters for portraits and purchasers of pictures abounded. Fortunately for West, a strong though not a permanent love for historical painting had come upon the English people. He saw and profited by this. A divine was charmed with his felicitous handling of a scripture subject, and a statesman was pleased with his skill in embodying a classic one—and one or both introduced him to George the Third, who knew little about painting, but was pleased with the calm devout look of the gifted American. He was now in the royal road to fame and fortune:—he painted many noble pictures for the King; the best of these are at Windsor, and represent the achievements of the English under our Edwards and Henrys. The colours are rich and glowing; the characters are numerous and well delineated, and the scene, whether of battle or of truce, is clearly and happily embodied.

West was widely known and much respected. On the retirement of Reynolds he was elected President of the Royal Academy, which he had aided in establishing; and though no scholar, was much of a gentleman, and gave dignity to his place. The illness of the king was injurious to the interests of the painter; in his old age he was, in a manner, repulsed from the Court, and compelled to work for subsistence as well as fame. He did all this with an alacrity only equalled by his success; nor did he repine or complain, but was contented and cheerful. He died on the 11th of March, 1820, full of years and honours, and was buried in St. Paul's, by the side of his friend and fellow-labourer, Sir Joshua Reynolds.



MURDER OF THE TWO PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

NORTHCOTE.

This grand composition, we need hardly remind our readers, is not from any scene in Shakspeare, though it may with great propriety be introduced into our collection as illustrative of his description of the commission of the black crime, by order of Richard the Third, in the Tower of London.

TYRELL.—The tyrannous and bloody act is done:
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless batebery,—
Albeit they were scab'd villains, bloody dogs,—
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O, thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes.*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girding one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillows lay,
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind,
But O, the devil—there the villain stopped!
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most reprehended sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak: and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Perhaps this is the finest of Northcote's historical works: it must be confessed, that the idea of the group is not perhaps original, but *seems* to have been taken from the celebrated masterpiece of Rubens, the "*Descent from the Cross*," in the Cathedral at Antwerp. Setting aside this want of originality, if indeed we are justified in so regarding it, we have here a composition of great grandeur

and power. The figures of the murdered children, upon which the light falls with a pale and ghastly relief, are conceived and executed with more beauty than is usual in Northcote's works, and the stern figures of the agents of the crime are in striking contrast. We must particularly notice the grandeur of the light and shade, and the effect of mystery and gloom, suited to the character of the subject. The drawing is throughout very fine and masterly, especially of the lifeless bodies of the victims, about which, with all the character of death, the painter has thrown a touching and innocent beauty.

THE "ARM OF THE TIDE"



TRIC TRAC.

TENIERS.

"THE works of David Teniers, junior," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "are worthy the closest attention of a painter who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art. His manner of touching, or what we call handling, has perhaps never been equalled: there is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness which is difficult to execute." The picture before us belongs to the collection of Thomas Hope, Esq., and justifies, by its very peculiar beauty of workmanship, the praise of the president. It gives us a brevy image of the martial character of the times of Teniers: during his day wars were waged which ended in the triumph of the Protestant union over the Catholic league, the whole continent was filled with armed men, and he had opportunities enough of studying the warriors of his country in peace and in war—or

"On the rough edge of battle ere is joined

It was, however, his pleasure to look at soldiers enjoying themselves: the guard-room was a favourite place of study, where, relieved from duty, nature triumphed over discipline: songs were sung, drink flowed, and riotous joy abounded. The scene of this picture is the outer and inner room of guard: it is composed of three distinct groups, all differing in character, and yet united in duty, and forming a perfect whole. The men of the remotest group are huddled round the fire, and though their backs are towards us we can see that they are smoking and drinking and engaged at cards. Games of chance are the delight of soldiers. The second or central group is composed of three soldiers—men of mark no doubt in their regiment, for they stand in grave deliberation, and are either discussing the plan of the next campaign or lamenting the lack of discipline and love of drink and gaming in their comrades. Those of the third or foreground group are engaged on the game which gives the name to the picture. Two of them seem wily citizens, or are more probably members of the Commissariat: the other two are officers, one of whom holds a small flagon in his hand, while the other is remonstrating with his opponent in the game, and by his clenched hands and serious visage seems to be on the point of losing it. The varied expression and light and shade and handling of the work are all masterly, and show on what grounds the reputation of the painter has been established.

Pictures of this kind are the works which this country loses. We desire the real and the natural, and court representations rather of what we have seen or may hope to see than scenes furnished by the fancy. We have little sympathy with art which travels into the distant regions of thought. We consider all such efforts as the attempts of dreamers: of works of high imagination we talk indeed, but we do not tolerate them: we reckon a fine portrait or a close copied landscape as the most exalted doings of art, and it never enters our head that more than a good eye and a skilful hand can be required in the manufacture of pictures and statues. By works of a high kind we must not be understood to mean subjects out of the reach of human sympathy; on the contrary, we mean what comes within the limits of belief; pictures of a poetic order, which have their origin in nature, but cannot be perfected without the aid of fancy. The widest fame awaits works of the highest genius, for these are rare productions, and the world at last bows to what is rare, and follows in this the judgment of the well-informed and the wise.

With the works of the school to which Teniers belongs no one was better acquainted than Reynolds, for he made a picture-tour in Holland and Flanders; made patient observations, took copious notes, and passed no fine production without careful examination. "Their merit," he says, "often consists in the truth of representation alone: whatever praise they deserve, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye, they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed: it is not therefore to be wondered at, that what was intended solely for the gratification of one sense succeeds but ill when applied to another." This is an unfair description, we think, of the works of the Dutch School: had any one told Sir Joshua that his portraits were addressed but to the eye, he would have resented it as an affront, and with good reason. The pictures of which he speaks are full of domestic gladness and fireside joy, and though copies—literal perhaps—of what the painters saw, they supply the spectator with matter for reflection and study. Their object was not only to please the eye, but to gratify the mind. They are not exalted by genius, nor do they excite any extraordinary ecstasy, yet they please other senses than the sight—wherever human character appears, and of this the Dutch compositions are full, the mind is called into action.

It was one of the rules of study laid down by Reynolds, that a painter had to make up his idea of perfection from the various excellencies dispersed over the world. To Italy, he said, men must go for dignity of thought and splendour of imagination, and for the higher branches of knowledge; but as a poetical fancy and power of expression, or even correctness of drawing were seldom united with such skill in colour as would set off these beauties to the best advantage, it would be necessary to go to the Dutch to learn the art of painting, for in the true use of colours they were unequalled. An artist, he says, by a close examination of their works may, in a few hours, make himself master of the principles on which they

wrought, which cost them whole ages—and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages—to ascertain

Works bearing the name of Teniers are numerous in the world—three painters, a father and two sons—and each skilful—*may in some degree account for this*, but unquestionably there are counterfeits in circulation. Skilful copies pass in the sight of many for rare originals, or a slight change in a figure or a piece of furniture enables the happy proprietor to call it a first or a second thought of Teniers, and demand a high price. Their cabinet size aids too in countenancing the imposture, for a fine Teniers or an Ostade, a Jan Steen or a Gerard Dow will go into small space, and may have been contained in the hitherto unrummaged chamber of some Dutch Burgomaster: all this is present to the mind of the wily seller, who is as ready with simulated names and dates as with simulated commodities.

Those who visit Holland will still find the pictures of Teniers plentiful, though the French reaped a rich harvest of art in the land. The Dutch had the taste to fill their cabinets with pictures not only suitable in dimensions but also national with respect to subject. Whatever gave a true and brilliant image of the land and the people found favour in their sight, nor were they averse to look on the humblest scenes. Teniers was a painter after the people's heart: he went but to the cottage or to the market-place or the barracks for subjects: a woman spinning by a clear fire and well-swept hearth: a market-girl holding up a hare for sale: an old man repairing spectacles: hoors drinking in the inside of a change-house or quarrelling at the door: a man blowing a trumpet or proving the strength of a new brewing; or soldiers at cards on the drumhead, or dancing on the dusty road-side during a march, or gambling in the guard-room, as in the present picture, were matters dear to the sight and welcome to the pencil of this eminent master.

THE LAST SUPPER.

MURILLO.

THE history of the picture from which this engraving has been carefully copied, must be regarded as curious. It was painted by Murillo in early life for a Convent in Valencia, where it remained unmolested, till the great war of the Peninsula brought judges of pictures both from France and England. Sir John Murray, during his short occupation of the province, found leisure to admire it; he went frequently to see it, and was heard to declare that its character and colour were such as he loved to look on. As ardent admirers, and much less scrupulous, soon made their appearance. The French army advanced into that quarter, the convent held out the two-fold attraction of bring beauty, as well as works of art, to that lively and tasteful people, they were not likely to regard either convent or church as a sanctuary, and the picture was removed from the wall, and packed up to be carried off. The French, however, had to retire as rapidly as they advanced; on their retreat, they sold or disposed of their splendid Murillo to a Spanish artist, who in his turn placed it in the gallery of a collector, among many other pictures.

There "The Last Supper" remained till repose returned to Spain, when it was threatened with another removal. As something like a general restoration of such property took place elsewhere, Ferdinand authorized the original owners of all church pictures to seize them wherever they were to be found, and take them away without repayment or apology. On this the owner of the picture became alarmed, and transmitted it for safety to England; where it is to be found in the keeping of W. W. Sharp, Esq. of Upper Berkeley Street. A question as to its authenticity it seems was raised while it remained in Spain, upon which Don Vicente Lopez, the king's chief painter, who had seen it when removed by the French, referred to the convent to which it once belonged, and found that the year in which it had been painted, together with the price paid to Murillo, were registered. This silenced those who claimed it as the work of Espinosa; and indeed the style of handling is satisfactory enough to such men of taste as are acquainted with the works of these eminent masters. The picture measures twelve feet ten inches long, by six feet eight inches high, and is in good preservation.

It is a work of great care and study, many of the heads are supposed to be portraits, a little idealized, of the churchmen and grandees of Spain. There is



considerable variety of expression as well as of attitude, and a mental capacity visible in the countenances of the disciples, such as their lives and actions induce us to expect. The Christ is less successful, but Murillo could not succeed where Raphael may be said to have failed; there is little of celestial descent about him save the halo, yet the whole scene is one of awe. The passage embodied may be found in that touching chapter, the thirteenth of St. John.

"21. When Jesus had thus said, he was troubled in spirit, and testified and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.

22. Then the disciples looked one on another, doubting of whom he spake.

23. Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.

24. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, that he should ask who it should be of whom he spake.

25. He then, lying on Jesus' breast, saith unto him, Lord, who is it?

26. Jesus answered, He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it."

It appears to us, however, that the moment of time selected by the painter for giving the sentiment to his picture follows closely our Saviour's denunciation of Judas Iscariot. Apostle turns to Apostle, with looks of surprise or doubt, Judas himself seems desirous of making his defence, he lays one hand on his bosom and expands the other, as if denying by his action what his looks acknowledge.

Of the life of Murillo we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. His works are not numerous in England; his melancoly colouring, and the Spanish look of his delineations of character, mark him sufficiently out as an original and of a strange land. Though his pictures are not generally of a historical order, his genius was felt by the court and the church, and Charles the Second was desirous of making him his chief painter, but the declining years and great diffidence of Murillo interposed. The imagination of this eminent man seems not to have been of a high order; he could paint with fine effect and wonderful happiness the living objects before him, but he could not brood over them, endow them with grace, and cover them with beauty. Had it been the custom of angels to ascend and descend, and sit to painters in those days, Murillo would have hit off accurate fac-similes of their persons, but he could not imagine them; and this is both his defect and his excellence—he has failed in the poetic and the lofty, but he has compensated for it by the characteristic truth of his representations, and the dark fidelity of his colours.

P U C K.

REYNOLDS.

THE elfish expression and rainbow colours of this little wondrous picture contrast strangely with the quiet grace and solemn repose of the Holy Family. In the latter the painter had to contend for mastery with some of the chiefs of his calling, and their genius lay like a spell upon him; in the former he had no rivalry, Fusch had but just turned his fancy upon elves and fairies; the tricky Puck had sat to no artist; Shakspeare, though he describes his pranks, leaves his person to the imagination, and Reynolds had all the honour of success to himself. It is evident he could take little from the poet; these are his words:

"Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skins milk; and sometimes labour in the quarrel,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes make the drink to bear us harm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck."

So Puck of this passago resembles in a great degree the character of the rownie, the drudging elf of Scottish superstition; he seems a sort of Will-o'-wisp, and is akin to the Lubber-fiend of Milton, who thrashed the corn with a shadowy flail, and when weary

"stretched out all the chimney's length,
Dask'd at the fire his hairy strength."

so picture forth a creature at once perverse and obedient, malicious and kind, thing compounded of earth and air, with power to do much good or great evil, was no easy task. To create on canvas a spirit, which, like Ariel, could at a girdle round the globe in fifteen minutes, and other feats equally pious;

"To tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wand of the North;
To do me business in the veins of the earth
When it is bak'd with frost,"



required singular fancy and felicity of hand, and neither seem to have been wanting in this work. Puck is seated in a kind of merry majesty on the top of a mushroom, and all around him are proofs of his powers of amusing mischief. The honest weaver, with the ass's head on, is perhaps enjoying the luxury of a thistle, unconscious of the neighbourhood of the gentle Titania, and fairies may be supposed sporting among the trees like squirrels in the nut season. Nothing perhaps can surpass the expression of the elf's face, but the marvellous colouring in which the whole is embodied, and which seems to shed a sort of supernatural light over the scene, in perfect keeping with his mischievous drollery of look. This merry imp is the portrait of a child, which was painted without any particular aim as to character: when Alderman Boydell saw it he said, "Sir Joshua, if you will make this pretty thing into a Puck for my Shakspeare Gallery, I will give you an hundred guineas for it." The President smiled, and said little, as was his custom: a few hours' happy labour made the picture what we see it. The knowledge of this caused the critics to say that Puck was too much like a chubby child, and resembled more a creature requiring a nurse than a malicious elf, who could, like Ariel,

"Fright me with archan shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Or lead me like a firebrand in the dark."

All this is matter of imagination; it is hard to say how he should be painted: the fairies of the Scottish mythology are described as "fair-haired children;" the Brownie seems of a forbidding look, and we have no better light than what fancy affords to aid in the delineation. Northcote admired the beauty of the work, and was not unaware of the objections urged against it. "Puck," said he, "in point of expression and animation is unparalleled, and one of the happiest efforts of Sir Joshua's pencil, though it has been said by some cold critics not to be perfectly characteristic of the merry wanderer of Shakspeare." When the pictures of the Shakspeare Gallery were dispersed it was purchased by Samuel Rogers, Esq., whose taste in painting almost equals his genius in poetry; on which occasion it is said West exclaimed, "O! the poet has the sense to buy nought but the finest things."

Of the character of Sir Joshua as a man, and his genius as an artist, much has been written and more said; respecting the first, it is enough to observe that his friends thought him an indulgent companion and an accomplished gentleman, while to some who looked perhaps too closely, he appeared more narrow and economical than became his station and fortune. With regard to the second, time has only sanctioned the applause of his contemporaries, and extended and confirmed his fame. Of all the eminent portrait painters who have flourished since his day, none have surpassed him in truth and freedom of character, and none have equalled him in glowing vigour of colour, and in the harmony of light and shade. To say as one of the most eminent of his brethren said, that he "united

the local colouring of Titian with the chiaroscuro of Rembrandt," would be to proclaim a truth which none but those who are well acquainted with the best works of these artists can understand. "In taste," says Burke, who always wrote to be understood, "in grace, and facility, in happy invention, and in richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art in which the English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere; his paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings." Such were the words written by an eloquent friend when the corpse of the painter was scarcely cold, and had the comparison been confined to the portraits of his native contemporaries, I should have adopted the eulogium as at once elegant and accurate. But the portraits of Titian and of Vandyke are recalled to our fancy by the description of Burke, and few I think will contend that in poetic conception, in manly dignity, or in deep harmonious colouring they have been excelled by our eminent countryman. The best pictures of Vandyke seem to me to have a freedom of posture and a loftiness of sentiment which Reynolds has oftener approached than reached; it is true that the short-cut locks, and the ridiculous taste in dress, which prevailed in Sir Joshua's time, are less poetic and picturesque than the masses of ringlets and the flowing mantles of the times of Sir Anthony; but it is not of that alone I speak—I allude to the soul and mind visible in eye and brow.

If Reynolds had to obey fashion in his large portraits, and be ruled by the taste of sitters who chose postures not always natural or according to character, he was left to the freedom of his own will in his inimitable pictures of children. These I have always looked upon as the most graceful and unaffected creations of his pencil; they are part portrait and part fancy, and form the connecting link between reality and fiction. Sometimes they are made to assume the characters of poetry, and charm us as boy-Mercuries, Ariels, and Pucks; again, it is the pleasure of the painter to mimic history; a lord on his nurse's knee takes upon him one of the tasks of the infant Hercules; a baby earl enacts Moses in the bulrushes, a marquis, nine years old, lays his hand on a sword, and swears as a Hannibal, and a duke in swaddling bands assumes the port of a child-Jupiter. Nor do I like him less, but rather better, when he retires from heroics and Mount Olympus, and makes his lying sitters be content to figure as the rustic offspring of the cottage; his shepherd-boys, his beggar-imps, and his whole progeny of children busied in domestic things, are full of truth and nature and elegance.

His historical works are much less to my liking, he could see but not

conceive character; some of his pictures of that kind want blood and life, the dead refused to rise from their graves at the call of his fancy. Friends, however, have not been wanting to describe his historic pictures as unequalled by all other efforts of his pencil. "My own opinion of the Macbeth is," says Northcote, "that the visionary and awful effect produced both in the conception and execution of the back-ground is certainly without a parallel in the world; its novelty and its excellence bid defiance to all future attempts at rivalry."

The dignity of the personal character of Reynolds, the eminence of such friends as Johnson and Burke, and the unquestioned beauty and truth of his numerous portraits, united to render his name and influence great in the land, but the example of his personal character terminated with his life; the lips of some of his most eloquent friends were closed nearly as soon or sooner than his own, and of all those on whose looks he laid out his skill none survive to say how little labour it cost him to paint beads, and with what happy readiness of hand he spread out the fascination of his colours. With painters the fame of Reynolds arises from the general view which they take of his works; they see high merit in heads which are without any other recommendation than what the pencil has bestowed; the public take a more limited view, they look only at the portraits of his men of note and genius, and at his graceful women, and his lovely children; at the men, because they are images of the form and mind of the chief heirs of fame; and at the others, not as portraits, but as delineations of beauty and loveliness.

He was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, 16th July, 1723, and died in London, 23rd February, 1792.

CYMBELINE.

ACT III.—SCENE VI.

R. WESTALL, R. A.

In the composition before us, we have a fine specimen of the peculiar style of Westall; the subject is selected from the play of Cymbeline. Imogen, seeking her way to Milford, is bewildered among the wild mountains of Wales, and seeks a temporary refuge in a cavern.

Before the Cave of Belarius. Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

IMO.—I see a man's life is a tedious one;
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio shewed thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have affliction on them; knowing 't is
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord,
Thou art one of the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold.
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean is a'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or perish.—Hail, two answers?—Hail, 'tis sweet.
Best draw my sword, and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]



The delicate figure of Imogen, shrinking from the mouth of the cavern, and affecting a courage which she does not feel, is very beautifully imagined. The wild grandeur of the scene, the gloomy entrance to the cave overgrown with forest plants, the dusky shades of the wood behind, are powerfully represented; the subdued light is well managed, and the introduction of a touch of bright cloud in the small portion of open sky which is visible, gives solidity and character to the landscape. The painter has displayed great taste in his selection of costume. We remember to have seen a painting of the same subject, by the celebrated Chalon, the portrait-painter in water-colours, in which the dress was elaborately beautiful, and the tresses of Imogen fresh as though they had come from under the hands of the court "*coiffeur*." How much more appropriate to the poet's idea is the figure before us—the tangled hair, the expression of fatigue, such as must have overcome a weak woman, who

" for two nights together
Had made the ground her bed."

The whole composition is a very favourable specimen of the works of the very talented artist, who has contributed so much to the advancement of our school of water-colour painting.

CHRIST IN THE SEPULCHRE.

GUERCINO.

THIS fine cabinet picture, by Guercino, is in the British Gallery, and came from the Borghese Palace; it is painted on a plate of copper, and, though only one foot five inches and a half long and one foot two inches and a half high, it contains almost as much beauty as can be well put into such small compass. The subject was, during the best times of art, a favourite with the great painters of Italy; they have shown us their notions of our Saviour in youth and in manhood; they have limned him living, dying, and dead; descending into hell, ascending into heaven, or sitting in "bright collateral glory" beside the superior angels. Yet, inspired as these artists were with a sense of dignity and beauty above all painters before or since, we cannot help feeling that they have been less successful with this subject than with almost any other. We have not had the fortune to see, either on the original canvass, or through the medium of the graver, any figure of our Saviour which, in divine majesty of spirit and meek beauty of person, we could recognize as personifying what the Scripture has so simply described. The Christian artists have failed to do for the divine head of their church what the heathen artists accomplished for their mythology; the Apollo is yet unmatched in beauty of form, and in that something still diviner—that sentiment which connects it with the gods. It is true that the personal beauty of Christ is not, that we remember of, insisted upon in Scripture: loveliness of mind is alone claimed for him, nevertheless we look for a heavenly mind in a heavenly habitation, and we cannot think of Jesus Christ otherwise than as fair in person as he was pure in spirit. The Christ of Guercino we are afraid is no exception to these remarks; it is true that Otley says, "the naked figure of our Saviour is easy and natural in the attitude, and drawn with great boldness of outline." In this we cordially concur, but we cannot hide from ourselves that the hands and feet are inclining to be large and coarse; an elegant handling of the extremities seems not to have been thought as necessary by Guercino as it was by the ancient sculptors, who expended upon hands and feet all their skill and power of finish.

The angels are, however, of great beauty; there is a mournful resignation of look about them—a submission to the will of God—a sense of the divine atonement which has been offered up for man. It was scarcely necessary in the artist to add wings, since their celestial origin is well enough expressed in their looks.



Painters have been, we think, much more fortunate in the representation of angels than in their pictures of Christ; though some are more clumsy than seems proper for spirits of the upper air, yet they are in general remarkable for the celestial serenity of their looks and the elegance of their forms. Some of these are evidently copied from nature; others are creatures of the artist's imagination; our English painters have not been more than happy in such delineations: though Fuseli, in one of his pictures, vowed he would make his angel rise without wings, and communicated a certain buoyant expression to the figure which he considered equivalent to that inflammable air which raises a balloon, yet the eye is scarcely reconciled to the sight of a being with two legs and two arms, and a heavy head, ascending into the heaven, or sailing along the bosom of the air.

Blake, who always saw in fancy every form he drew, believed that angels descended to painters of old, and sat for their portraits. When he himself sat to Phillips for that fine portrait so beautifully engraved by Schiavonetti, the painter, in order to attain the most unaffected attitude, and the most poetic expression, engaged his sitter in a conversation concerning the sublime in art. "We hear much," said Phillips, "of the grandeur of Michael Angelo; from the engravings, I should say he has been over-rated: he could not paint an angel so well as Raphael." "He has not been over-rated, Sir," said Blake, "and he could paint an angel better than Raphael." "Well, but," said the other, "you never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo, and perhaps speak from the opinions of others; your friends may have deceived you." "I never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo," replied Blake, "but I speak from the opinion of a friend who could not be mistaken." "A valuable friend truly," said Phillips, "and who may he be, I pray?" "The arch-angel Gabriel, Sir," answered Blake. "A good authority surely, but you know evil spirits love to assume the looks of good ones, and this may have been done to mislead you." "Well now, Sir," said Blake, "this is really singular; such were my own suspicions; but they were soon removed—I will tell you how. I was one day reading Young's Night Thoughts, and when I came to that passage which asks, 'Who can paint an angel?' I closed the book and cried, 'Aye! who can paint an angel?' A voice in the room answered, 'Michael Angelo could.' 'And how do you know,?' I said, looking round me, but I saw nothing save a greater light than usual. 'I know,' said the voice, 'for I sat to him: I am the arch-angel Gabriel.' 'Oho!' I answered, 'you are, are you: I must have better assurance than that of a wandering voice; you may be an evil spirit—there are such in the land.' 'You shall have good assurance,' said the voice, 'can an evil spirit do this?' I looked whence the voice came, and was then aware of a shining shape, with bright wings, who diffused much light. As I looked, the shape dilated more and more: he waved his hands; the roof of my study opened; he ascended into heaven; he stood in the sun, and beckoning to me, moved the universe. An angel of evil could not have *done that*—it was the arch-angel Gabriel."

The painter marvelled much at this wild story; but he caught from Blake's looks, as he related it, that rapt poetic expression which has rendered his portrait one of the finest of the English school.

The character of the works of Guercino may be read in this little picture: he considered that he could not imitate nature forcibly without the aid of strong light and shade, and to obtain this, he painted with what artists call a top-light, which in some degree exaggerates all seen under its influence. Like Titian, he is more admired for the lucid brilliancy of his colouring, and for his mastery in light and shade, than for his elegance of outline and splendour of conception. It is said of him that he defused his broad and powerful masses of light and darkness by saying, "Few can perceive or feel the true dignity of a composition—few have souls capable of comprehending grandeur or sublimity—but almost all can discern the force and beauty of colouring." There is too much truth in this: but we may take the opinion of the painter as no incorrect estimate of his own powers; he has been charged, and not unjustly, with a deficiency of elevation and elegance, where neither would have injured, but aided the richness of his colouring. He was born at Cento, a village near Bologna, in the year 1490; studied under Benedetto Genuari, and completed his knowledge in the school of the Caracci. One of his noblest works is "The Hagar and Ishmael," which has such surprising brilliancy, that all other pictures which come near it seem feeble in effect; another fine one is the history of St. Petronilla in St. Peter's at Rome. The painter died, aged 76.